The Saturday Evening Post

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THUS FADING ON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Through childhood's opening hours we glide
With radiant brow and tender feet,
With love we look on all we meet,
And hope is high, whate'er betide.

And youth builds high its palace walls,
And decks them o'er with nice caprice,
But ownership is held in lease,
And soon the treacherous fabric falls.

So fading on our bright dreams go,
And o'er our way the shadows fall,
'Till, on the heart, a dreary pall
Glooms all that once had charmed us so.

MARIE S. LADD.

UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFT," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER VI.

SHOWING HANDS.

Lucy was late for Sunday-school, and Miss Kipp eyed her severely. That she should be absent and inattentive was not wonderful, and she was glad at last to go up-stairs and take her seat in the quiet end of the pew and resign herself to dreams. Little did Rachel or her father imagine the worldly thoughts that held a carnival in the busy brain, perhaps she hardly realised it herself.

She was honestly afraid of making her secret known. It might be possible that her father would forbid any marriage until she was twenty-one, almost four years. Did Mr. Thorndike love her well enough now to remain true through such a probation? She was afraid not. With that grand house looming up before her, and the promised luxuries of dress, she hardly dared risk and lose. She knew so little of the world and of life.

Thursday evening of that week another Dorcas was held at Mrs. Bowers's. Mr. Thorndike did not make his appearance until then. He meant to treat Lucy to a little show of coldness, but fortunately finding her alone in one of the odd nooks in which the house abounded, he could not resist the temptation of stealing a caress. She was in a fond mood too, a sort of tender, clinging passion that won upon him immensely. And then he coaxed her into promising to walk with him the next afternoon, as she had an errand to call her out.

She saw the nods and winks, and the pointed sentences with which Rachel was greeted. How she could take it so calmly and complacently puzzled Lucy, who blushed whenever any one gave her a sudden look, and found her heart beating loudly at the slightest word. What this would eventually prove to Rachel she did not pause to consider. There was no fine tenderness between these two girls, no real love indeed, though one possessed a fond and loving nature.

Mr. Garth, much to his dissatisfaction, was compelled to escort home some ladies, so Mr. Thorndike took the two girls. Lucy's soft hand lay in his, and received numberless tokens of affection.

"Write me a note for to-morrow," he whispered with his good-by.

Lucy went straight to bed, but Rachel sat up for her father. Some way he felt a trifle disappointed at not finding Mr. Thorndike there, though he did not express this to his daughter.

I hardly know why Rachel Garth felt so secure, and placed such perfect confidence in a man who had not as yet allowed himself the first lover-like word or action, unless it chimed in with some peculiarity of her nature. She would have been astonished by the freedom with which he treated Lucy. Her ideas ran in the old orthodox channel of propriety. And it might have been because she never dreamed of a rival in her sister. Her father's opinions about Lucy were hers, besides, she looked upon her as a hardly grown-up child, and little suspected that one step had taken her into womanhood.

Lucy met her lover, and during the walk they exchanged notes. Here had been a great source of perplexity, and was brief as well as proper. She had no opportunity to peruse his until after supper, when she made an excuse to go to her room for a dress that needed mending.

A love letter in the fullest sense. An ardent, persuasive, pleading missive, begging for her love, for liberty to speak, for the privilege of seeing her openly, picturing their future happiness together, the impatience and tenderness of his regard, and giving her pet names that were sweet to linger over. If it did not reach the highest point of delicacy and refinement, she was hardly able to perceive this. She had not attained any of the loftier summits of womanhood where she could look down with clear eyes upon her own soul and its needs. The love that he offered her was so above anything that had come in her narrow life, that she accepted it as a supreme good.

HIMALAYAN BRIDGES.

The torrents in the hill countries ranging along the base of the great Himalayan range are very rapid and subject to very sudden floodings, so as to render necessary the frequent use of bridges, which are often of a very singular character. The most substantial kind is formed of loops hanging from two iron chains, a kind of suspension bridge, planks being upheld by the loops for the traveller to walk upon. Another is the cane-bridge. The mountain spurs, around the bases of which the rivers flow, are usually steep and rocky, their flanks being clothed with the richest tropical forest, and their crests being tipped with pines. Thus there may be found on the river's edge the banana, the screw-pine and fig. One of the latter, growing out of a mass of rock, its roots interlaced and grasping at every available support, its branches loaded with deep glossy foliage, hangs over the water. This forms a pier for the canes, that on the opposite side being constructed of strong piles, propped with large stones; between these supports swings the bridge, of light and simple structure. Two parallel canes on the same horizontal plane are stretched across the stream; from these others hang in loops, and along the loops are laid a few bamboo stems for flooring. On these loose bamboos are laid, and on these the traveller is to walk. The bridge may be eighty yards long. The motion is great, as the slight structure rocks over the water, forty feet below. The dry bamboos crackle as they are trod upon; while one, perhaps, which has loosened from the fastening tilts up, leaving the passenger suspended over the torrent by the slender canes. Yet people, under the pressure of necessity, are constrained to venture themselves upon these uncertain reliances.

The letters and stolen interviews went on for a few weeks, but though Warren Thorndike's conscience was not touched, his selfishness was, and he made so strong a protest that Lucy was forced into a reluctant assent. He could not endure being thwarted at every turn, starved and repelled, when the magical lure of love lay before him in all its alluring sweetness. If Lucy had wished to strengthen and deepen his passion she could have chosen no surer course, but it had come about more from her fear and the force of circumstances.

Mr. Thorndike was a trifle embarrassed when he had gained his point. His conscience was clear about Rachel, for he had never uttered a tender word to her, but he felt that these attentions and the familiar dropping in to meals had misled Mr. Garth.

Still he was not a man to blunder over explanations. He generally took a straightforward course, and after the Christmas dinner, which had been a rather unusual gala time, seeing that Mr. Garth generally dismissed festivals of this kind with a virtuous frown, he prepared himself for an explanation. Rachel had gone to make some changes in her attire. Since the advent of her lover, as she esteemed him, she had begun to take an almost worldly pleasure in dress, even going to the length of a bit of modest colored ribbon. Lucy, Cinderella-like, was still in the kitchen.

If Mr. Thorndike could have understood how strongly the tide ran against Lucy, he might have hesitated a moment, at all events he would not so soon have made an opportunity to say, as the conversation was cautiously led to this subject.

"Mr. Garth, I fancy that there is some misunderstanding here. It is Lucy that I care for, and not Rachel!"

"Lucy!"

Mr. Garth rose and approached his visitor to see if he could discover any signs of mental aberration. "Lucy!" he repeated in an astonished and wandering manner.

"Yes, Lucy!" Mr. Thorndike was losing his patience. He could see nothing so wonderful or reprehensive in what he had done. Did not men fall in love with pretty girls often enough to make it no marvel? "And I ask you for the right of visiting her honorably and openly, with a view of making her my wife?"

All that was plain enough. Mr. Thorndike had risen in his heat, and was pacing the room. He would not be an easy man to go against, although Mr. Garth's first impulse was to dismiss him upon the spot.

"Yes, I like your daughter Lucy," he went on in a decisive way. "I am old enough to know my own mind, and when a man resolves to settle down, he generally takes a wife. My means I believe are amply sufficient to support one."

Mr. Garth gasped in anguish. This handsome fortune placed in the hands of a vain, ignorant child like Lucy! This man's comfort dependent upon an indolent and wayward girl, who, if left to herself, would fill her house with servants! He thought of his own unfortunate experiment, and longed to warn him.

"You will regret it," he said with a shake of the head, "you will regret it!"

"Like the boy, I want to see the folly o' it for myself;" and Mr. Thorndike laughed carelessly.

"Have you mentioned this subject to Lucy!" asked her father, somewhat sternly.

He had promised to shield Lucy from her father's anger as far as was possible. To confess every word and look seemed absurd folly.

"We discussed the subject a few days ago," he said in his firm, almost insolent tone, "and she was afraid that it might lead to some difficulty. I don't see why, Mr. Garth, since you do not object to me as a son-in-law. Possibly you may never meet with a better offer for your daughter."

He uttered this last proudly. Mr. Garth knew it well. He was not anxious to let Mr. Thorndike slip through his fingers.

"Thorndike," he said slowly, "I have your interest at heart as well as here. Lucy is too young and ignorant to become any man's wife. I could not so go against my conscience as to consent without one warning. I am qualified to speak from experience. Rachel is her superior in every respect."

"But the fact is that I do not want Rachel," was the impatient interruption. "You take me as Lucy's husband, or not at all."

The latter contingency was not to be entertained for a moment. Mr. Garth felt that he would give him Lucy rather than lose him altogether; but if he *could* be convinced of the folly of this step.

"Have you any reason to suppose that Lucy looks upon this matter with favor?" was the sharp question.

"I think she could be won. Girls are not usually obdurate where lovers are concerned."

Very few girls would object to this great, strong, manly fellow, with a fortune to back him. Mr. Garth felt convinced of that, and also that his favorite daughter's case was hopeless.

"This is so sudden, Mr. Thorndike, that I must have time to consider. I wish to learn Lucy's feelings upon the subject."

"Will you summon her now?"

This effrontery was astounding! Mr. Garth was not used to being thus bearded in his own castle.

"I wish to see her alone, first."

"Very well. When may I have an answer? Pardon me if I am impatient, for I fancy that I have put off this important step long enough. Some of my new arrangements depend upon its success."

That sounded almost like a threat to Mr. Garth. For Thorndike to withdraw his money and interest from the mill now, would be rather unfortunate, but he did not mean to be bullied into consent for all that.

"I must consider. No one shall say, Thorndike, that I hurried you into an unwise marriage. Think of it seriously yourself."

"I have thought and decided!" rather moodily.

Rachel entered at this juncture. She saw that her father was pale and discomposed, and Mr. Thorndike flushed as if in anger. Half an hour ago they had been the best of friends. What could have occurred?

She drew her low chair near the fire and took up the inevitable sewing. That exasperated Mr. Thorndike in his present mood. Doubtless she would have to improve her wedding day by some such trifle. Why, she would never be able to devote a moment to her husband!

The three sat silent enough. Mr. Thorndike glanced out of the window to the Southern sky where the bright day was clouding over. He felt undeniably cross.

"Mr. Garth," he began presently, rising as he spoke, "when can I have an answer? Excuse me if I think the case somewhat urgent."

Rachel glanced up, startled by the sharpness of the tone. Something in the eyes bent fiercely upon her chilled her to the heart.

"In a day or two," Mr. Garth responded meekly. "It is best not to be too hasty."

Mr. Thorndike replied by a haughty stare, and in the doorway uttered a brief good-day.

"Father," Rachel asked in alarm, "what is the matter?"

"He is in love with Lucy!" groaned Mr. Garth.

Rachel's face turned ashen pale, and her lips quivered. *Her* lover! She could not believe it at all.

"But he asked you—" and then she paused.

"It was a mistake. I thought he meant—how could he be so blind!"

"Lucy!"

She hissed this through her half-shut lips that made a thin blue line.

"I could not have imagined—why, the man is surely wild!"

"She did it that first night with her flaunting curls! And they have used me for a cloak—false, deceitful wretches!"

Rachel Garth was passionately angry. The blow had come upon her so suddenly; then, too, she thought of the mortification in store.

"Lucy!" called Mr. Garth.

The culprit came slowly. She had a presentiment of impending evil, and feared to face it.

Mr. Garth seized her roughly by the arm, and for a moment was too much enraged to speak.

"Miserable girl!" he began at length, "how dared you carry on this wholesale system of deceit in *my* house? How dared you brave my authority, and deal so treacherously with your sister? Had you no shame that you could thus engage in a clandestine acquaintance with a man who—"

Mr. Garth could get no farther. His face was of a dull purple, and his lips quivered without sound.

Lucy looked at him and then at her sister. How much had Mr. Thorndike confessed?

Rachel was pale and stolid. She felt in some indescribable way that Lucy wronged her at every turn. The beauty that she had always despised stung her now, and she fairly hated the sight of it.

"Yes, how dared you? Answer me!"

For a moment Lucy felt inclined to laugh at this bit of high tragedy.

"How could I help his loving me?" she exclaimed with sudden courage. "I'm sure I've not had half your chance"—to Rachel. "It's just been a moment now and then, and if he cared—"

She looked as if she could brave them both. She *was* beautiful, and her very power seemed to hold them in awe.

"How long has this been going on without my knowledge?" Mr. Garth asked in a commanding tone.

"He was to tell you. I left it all to him."

She felt afraid to commit herself by any explanations. How much or how little Mr. Thorndike had confessed she could not know.

Her father meant to wrest the truth from her, but she entrenched herself behind a cold and sullen silence, and listened to his reproaches and questions with an unmoved face, knowing well that this was her only safety. Rachel took no part in the conversation.

"Go to your room," her father thundered at length. "Go to your room, you ungrateful and rebellious child, and pray for a better frame of mind. Stay there until you have subdued the evil spirit within you, and are ready to pay due respect to your father!"

Lucy left the room with a swelling heart. It was early in the afternoon, and the sun shone pitilessly bright over the broad sheets of snow. She heard the chime of merry bells; she thought of the delightful home festivals that so many happy hearts were keeping, and she shut out of all—she who could have so enjoyed love, tenderness, and innocent merriment. Why had this mark been put upon her? Why must loneliness and despair be her portion?

It was very cold, so she wrapped herself in a blanket, and sat by the window watching the travellers until she became chilled, when she crawled into the bed, and sobbed as if her heart was breaking. Was it any wonder that she should think of Mr. Thorndike and a few sentences that he had uttered at their last interview? He had said that he would marry her anyhow, even if he had to run away with her. She felt ready for any desperate step now, if it would but take her to happy liberty. The life with Mr. Thorndike looked so bright and alluring by contrast.

By-and-by twilight came on, but she still lay there in silence. It was not mere stubbornness, though her father and Rachel thought her strongly endowed with that quality. There was nothing in the past for her to repent of, she believed, for she could not feel sorry that Mr. Thorndike had loved her, or she him. As to the secret meetings and little notes, she would not have descended to them in preference to frankness. Indeed, she thought it would be almost Heaven to live with some one to whom she could confess all her faults and follies and longings without reserve.

She was not summoned to supper, and after awhile she took off her dress, groping round in the dark, and shedding a few vain tears. I am afraid Mr. Garth would hardly have been satisfied with her prayers, since she asked for happiness and a way to be opened out of this miserable life. But then it was just what she wanted.

Hetty came up with a little supper, but Lucy had no heart nor appetite for a mouthful, although the kindness touched her. Soon afterward she fell asleep, and there her troubles ended.

She came down as usual the next morning. Rachel's face was grimly cold, her father's severe in the extreme. He read her another lecture upon the enormity of her sin, but found her still unrepentant, and predicted terrible judgments for her. In bygone days these denunciations used to fill her with extremest terror; now she tried to shut her eyes to them.

It must be confessed that Mr. Garth rather dreaded the coming interview with his proposed son-in-law. Mr. Thorndike was a prompt man, and a fearless one. It was true that he had comforted Lucy in the midst of her fear and unhappiness, with the promise of an elopement if it were necessary, but he did not mean that it should be. He wanted Lucy's fortune as well as herself, and he intended to be received into the house of Garth as an honored member. He fancied that the threat of going away would bring Mr. Garth to terms, and in this he was right, though the father was not lacking in the quality that he so bitterly condemned in his daughter—stubbornness.

He knew very well that morning that it would end by his acceding to Mr. Thorndike's proposals, but he went over with the old arguments and warnings until Mr. Thorndike began to lose his temper. Then he fell back upon the same excuse—time for consideration.

But shortly after the commencement of the new year Mr. Thorndike carried his point, and the matter was settled with a rather ungracious consent. He was to be admitted to the house as the lover of Lucy Garth, though her father reserved the right to make the engagement as lengthy as in his judgment it was proper to do. He still clung to a belief that when Mr. Thorndike came to study Rachel, he would find her so much her sister's superior that it might be made an excuse for breaking the unwise bond.

Lucy's heart gave a bound of delight at this announcement. She had not dared to seek an interview with Mr. Thorndike through

this trying time, so when he came to tea by special invitation, though she did not know it, and Rachel had not considered it necessary to take out the china, hope rose at once in her mercurial temperament.

Mr. Thorndike's obtuseness stood him in good stead. A more sensitive man would have found the interview very trying. He had a great deal of rough good nature about him when he was pleased or elated, and in spite of Mr. Garth's lofty severity and Rachel's obstinate silence, he made himself at home. Lucy was extremely shy, and yet wonderfully enchanting. He contrasted her grace and airiness with her sister's prim, cold manner, and felt not in the least disposed to change his allegiance.

Mr. Garth had many strictures and much advice to give with his concession. Lucy was young, totally ignorant, and quite indifferent to the acquirements of a good housekeeper. She had been an idle and wayward girl, and her father did not consider it his duty to conceal any of her faults. Mr. Thorndike should never feel that he had been deceived in the slightest particular. And so on and on until Lucy's face was scarlet, and her blood at the white heat of indignation.

She went to the hall door with him—he was *her* lover, and she had not been vouchsafed the opportunity of exchanging a single private word with him until now.

He put his strong arms about her neck and kissed the throbbing lips. She seemed so small, so helpless, and most unjustly used.

"Oh," she whispered, clinging to him as her only friend—"you don't believe all that miserable story! I would work, I would do anything for the one who loved me. I will try to make you happy! You are so good, so kind, and so much to me. You won't let anybody come between us?"

Her sweet face was full of tears. This and the soft, pathetic voice touched his rough heart.

"My darling, no. Don't let them worry you. It will all come out straight. I've been to look at the Cunningham house, and if it suits you we'll go there in the spring."

"Oh, you are so good!"

The promised change seemed almost like Heaven to her narrow and material vision.

A few more tender words and the lovers parted. Lucy came back and sat down by the fireside, while her father held forth in one of his wearisome lectures. She gave small heed, for in the blaze she seemed to see a soft-haired woman queening it at the Cunningham Place.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'Y 26, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

We commenced in THE POST of Feb. 5th, this new novelet written for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new novelet is a capital time to begin subscriptions to THE POST, although we can still supply back numbers when required to the first of the year.

A FINE SONNET.

The following sonnet on "Night," by Blanco White (we think,) is certainly one of the finest and most perfect in the language:

Mysterious night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of Heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

☞ Columbus thought that Cuba was part of the main-land. At the very time when he came to this conclusion, a boy at the masthead might have overlooked the group of islands to the south, and beheld the open sea beyond.—*Irving.*

EQUALITY AND INEQUALITY.

All great Principles—Religious, Scientific or Political—are based upon great Facts.

When we allege that "all men are created equal," we either state a Fact, and our assertion is True, or we state what is not a Fact, and our assertion is a Falsehood.

Now is this assertion based upon sober fact, or is it not? Let us see how our ancestors phrased it, in their solemn Declaration of Independence:—

"We hold these truths to be self-evident:—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Mark the language. This equality is of a kind that is "*self-evident*"—perceived at a glance, and upon the mere statement. And the rights spoken of—they are declared to be "*unalienable*"—that is, rights of which a man cannot be deprived by others; possibly of which he cannot even deprive himself.

Were these words, as some have said, "a mere rhetorical flourish?" Sad indeed if it were so, for they have been words of a terrible power and force, sharper than the sword, more terrible than a charge of bayonets. But they were used by men not given to jesting or to rhetorical flourishes, on one of the most solemn occasions of their lives.

It is reasonable to suppose that these mighty words had to them a meaning, a mighty meaning. What was it?

"All men are created equal"—"self-evident" that it is so. How equal? It is "self-evident" that men are not created equally large and strong physically. It is equally "self-evident" that they are not created equally large and strong mentally and spiritually.

"Unalienable rights—to life, to liberty and to the pursuit of happiness." How is this? It was in the midst of the war that this was said, when the "rebels," as our forefathers were called, were shooting down the British soldiery every day. If these British soldiers had an "unalienable right to life," was it not wrong to take that life away?

It is a safe rule of interpretation to suppose that wise and thoughtful men like Jefferson, Franklin and their compeers, did not mean to state that which was evidently foolish and absurd. They did not mean to declare that it was self-evident that men were all equally gifted, physically and mentally, and that their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness was of such an unalienable character that they could not be killed, put in prison, and rendered very uncomfortable if the necessity of the case seemed so to require.

But what then did they mean?

Simply this—because, as reasonable men, they could not have meant anything else. That all men are created with certain equal rights—and that among these equal rights are the right to life, to liberty, and to pursue their own happiness in their own way. These rights being unalienable, except in cases where their use or abuse is found to endanger the safety or welfare of others.

This statement of equality seems to be "self-evident." It is based upon great Facts. The great fact of a common human nature—a nature susceptible of being enlarged, improved and developed. The other great fact of a common responsibility to the Creator of all. In one word, the great facts that "One is your father, even God; and all ye are brethren."

One innocent man therefore has an equal right with all others to his life, to justice in the courts of law, to be unmolested in his liberty, to go where he pleases, to eat and drink and wear what he pleases, to earn his living in such business or employment as he is fitted to follow, to consult his own pleasure and happiness in the multitudinous affairs of life—in one word, to be a free man and not a slave.

This equality of rights seems to us to be self-evident.

But, as it already has been seen from what we have said, the principle of Equality covers only a portion of the great Facts of human existence.

It is true and self-evident that in certain respects, "All men are created equal"—it is just as true, and equally self-evident that, in various other respects, All men are created Unequal.

Surely no one can doubt this—for it is self-evident. Men are created Unequal in physical size, in Strength, in beauty of features, in intellect, in spiritual development, in the power to perceive the Truth, in the disposition to follow the Truth after it is perceived. You will not enter a shop or factory, where some of the workmen are not superior workmen to others. One man is a fine musician, another can scarcely learn a tune. Take the commonest avocations or the highest, it makes no difference—from shoeing horses, or ploughing, to writing books, or leading an army, or governing a State,—all occupations manifest the great Inequality of Men.

And an inequality of Rights in certain respects naturally bases itself upon this inequality of Capability. In the strict sense, not only has no man the right to do, but no man can do, what he has not the natural capability of doing.

You take an ignorant landsman and put him at the helm of a vessel. He neither has the right to be there, to the danger of all on board, nor can he really be the helmsman after he is there. The crew themselves cannot give him the right, because they have no right to risk their own lives or to commit suicide.

You put an uneducated, ignorant man in the seat of a Judge. Put him there by a majority of ten thousand votes, it makes no difference—he neither has the right to be there (in the strict sense of the word right,) nor *can* he be a judge after he is there. He may make the decisions of a fool, he cannot make the decisions of a judge.

And it is in conformity with this plain, self-evident, common-sense view of things, that no man is allowed to practise as a physician or a lawyer without proof being afforded of his capability and qualifications. If he has no capability he has no right to practise the professions. And inasmuch as people generally are not competent to judge of this matter of capability, and as men's lives and fortunes may be endangered by incapability, the law in these and other similar cases, properly demands a certificate of fitness from those who are competent to judge.

To take even a lower class of employments. A man who has no capacity to manage a steam-boiler, has no right to be an engineer; neither *can* he be an engineer, though the whole community were to put him into the place which God gave him no power to fill.

Therefore we perceive that while there are certain rights, such as the right to Life and Liberty, and to pursue your own happiness in your own way, in which all men are equal; there are a large class of other rights, which are based upon Capacity and Ability, in which all men are Unequal.

But it may be asked, Why did our fathers say nothing in their Declaration of this latter large class of rights?

We answer—Because this latter class, in their day, needed not to be impressed upon men, everybody being already sufficiently conscious of them. And, besides, the action which they were taking was based upon that class of rights in which all men were equal—not the other class in which they were unequal. The great truth of Inequality, carried out into the selfish extreme of Class Injustice and Arrogance, needed to be supplemented and balanced by the equally great truth of Equality. Therefore they enforced that truth which was overlooked.

But, in these days, in our natural veneration for the teaching of the Fathers, we are in danger of carrying the truth of Equality into extremes which are unsound and perilous. There is a feeling beginning to find lodgment in the public mind, that one man is equal to another—not only in his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—but in all respects. That Capability is a matter no longer worthy of consideration—or that we have no right any longer to consider it. That an uneducated fool has as much right to be a school director, a legislator, a judge, or even Governor or President—if he can find enough other fools to elect him—as the wisest and most thoughtful man in the community. The result of which feeling is that our legislative halls and other official positions are rapidly becoming filled with men deficient in intellect, education, and virtue—and therefore incompetent to manage wisely the affairs of great states and of a great nation. Some even go so far as to say that the work of government requires no great amount of ability to manage it—pandering thus to ignorance, conceit, and folly—when every wise man knows that the work of government, in its dealings with the rights and liberties and business and lives of men, demands the very highest faculties of the human mind, enlarged and strengthened by the very widest knowledge and culture.

EQUALITY. INEQUALITY. These are the two grand Facts of human existence. They that would rear a perfect State, must acknowledge both, revere both, recognise both, and build wisely upon both. It is dangerous to forget either.

DEAD SEA APES.

In a recent number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, the editor stated that the quotation from Carlyle relative to the "Liturgy of Dead Sea Apes," which had been going the rounds of the press, should be "Dead Sea Apples." We opened our eyes a little at the blunder—because, you know, editors know everything—but made no comment, thinking the mistake would soon be corrected.

But now here comes along the "*Galaxy*," with the following:—

Everybody has been "sold," it would seem, about Carlyle's "Liturgy of Dea Sea Apes," as applied to spiritualism. People exploded with admiration over the phrase, and it ran a wild round of the newspapers. An inquiring creature here and there did perhaps ask of his own soul what "Liturgy of Dead Sea Apes" meant; what species of ape was peculiar to the Dead Sea, and what was their liturgy. But even these inquirers were too timid to put the question openly, and so it passed into a public law that Carlyle had said something wonderfully clever when he spoke of a Liturgy of Dead Sea Apes. But behold it now turns out that Carlyle had not said any such thing. He wrote "Dead Sea Apples," and a bewildered printer made it "Dead Sea Apes!" Well, a Liturgy of Dead Sea Apples is intelligible at least, if not remarkable for any great novelty of idea. But we are for sticking to the Dead Sea Apes, as far finer and more truly Carlylean. Nobody can understand it, and this is a merit which to the devotees of Carlyle must be simply inestimable.

Well—*magazine* editors, then, it seems, do not know everything. Why this matter of Dead Sea Apes is as old as Carlyle's "*Past and Present*," which we read twenty years ago, to say the least. "*Past and Present*"—it was like a revelation to us to read that great book. Would that all noble minded young men would read it—it would do them good for life.

But we will quote a passage from "*Past and Present*," simply to show "*Lippincott*" and "*The Galaxy*," that Carlyle did say "Dead Sea *Apes*," and why he said it. The legend alluded to is from the introduction to Sale's Koran:—

THE DEAD SEA APES.

Perhaps few narratives in History or Mythology are more significant than that Moslem one, of Moses and the Dwellers by the Dead Sea. A tribe of men dwelt on the shores of that same Asphaltic Lake; and having forgotten, as we are all too prone to do, the inner facts of Nature, and taken up with the falsities and outer semblances of it, were fallen into sad conditions,—verging indeed towards a certain far deeper Lake. Whereupon it pleased kind Heaven to send them the Prophet Moses, with an instructive word of warning, out of which might have sprung "remedial measures" not a few. But no: the men of the Dead Sea discovered, as the valet-species always does in heroes or prophets, no comeliness in Moses; listened with real tedium to Moses, with light grinning, or with splenetic sniffs and sneers, affecting even to yawn; and signified, in short, that they found him a humbug, and even a bore. Such was the candid theory these men of the Asphalt Lake formed to themselves of Moses. That probably he was a humbug, that certainly he was a bore.

Moses withdrew; but Nature and her rigorous veracities did not withdraw. The men of the Dea Sea, when we next went to visit them, were all "changed into Apes;" sitting on the trees there, grinning now in the most *unaffected* manner; gibbering and chattering *complete* nonsense; finding the whole Universe now a most indisputable Humbug! The Universe has *become* a Humbug to these Apes who thought it one! There they sit and chatter, to this hour: only, I think, every Sabbath there returns to them a bewildered half-consciousness, half-reminiscence; and they sit, with their wizened smoke-dried visages, and such an air of supreme tragicality as Apes may; looking out, through those blinking smoke-bleared eyes of theirs, into the wonderfulest universal smoky Twilight and undecipherable disordered Dusk of Things; wholly an Uncertainty, Unintelligibility, they and it; and for commentary thereon, here and there an unmusical chatter or mew:—truest, tragicalest Humbug conceivable by the mind of man or Ape! They made no use of their souls, and *so* have lost them. Their worship on the Sabbath now is to roost there, with unmusical screeches, and half-remember that they had souls.

Didst thou never, O Traveller, fall in with parties of this tribe? Messeems they are grown somewhat numerous in our day.

Some people say, we hope falsely, that the largest collection of "Dead Sea Apes" in this State, is to be found in Harrisburg.

BYRON.

The *London Quarterly Review* contains another article, which seems to extinguish the few sparks which its previous article had left of the Byron slander. It publishes more letters from Lady Byron to her "dearest Augusta," and one letter from Lady Byron to a friend, Mrs. Villiers, *expressly disclaiming the very charge which she afterwards communicated to Mrs. Stowe, declaring that it never had her sanction or that of any of her family*, and speaking of Augusta in terms of affection and gratitude. The *Quarterly Review* says there is "a whole mass" of Lady Byron's correspondence with Augusta which can be produced, if necessary, and which the writer has himself seen. The Earl of Chichester, Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne, and George Leigh, only surviving son of Augusta Leigh, are the authorities for the authenticity of the correspondence.

The *Quarterly* does not doubt that Mrs. Stowe was told the story by Lady Byron—and the probability is that Lady Byron had dwelt so long upon the subject, that her mind had become morbid and, finally, the victim of monomania. But there seems to be no sufficient excuse yet offered by Mrs. Stowe for divulging that which had been told to her in confidence, and which it was the business alone of Lady Byron's family and literary executors to divulge or conceal, as they thought best. There is entirely too much disregard nowadays of that which has been called the Eleventh Commandment, "MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!" especially by those who seem to consider themselves the peculiar guardians of the Morality and Virtue of the community.

In conclusion we would respectfully hint to Mrs. Stowe, and to persons of her way of thinking, that certain allowances must be made in judging men of genius. It is not well, or even sensible, to treat the deviations from the common rules of thought and action of such men as Shakspeare, Milton, Burns, and Byron, as if they were the grovelling errors of natures essentially vulgar and profligate. The instinct of mankind has been truer than its reason in regard to the short-comings of the gifted sons of song, and the mantle of charity has never been wanting. The great heart of the world has always been true to its poets and its prophets, and has covered with the mantle of its undying love the defects and weaknesses which marred the brightness of their appearing.

Genius is essentially independence and originality—and the connection between the lofty spirit which disdains the old, well-trodden way, and discovers new paths in science, art, and literature, and the spirit which seems too careless often of social fictions and venerable moralities, is probably more intimate than is generally supposed. If we would have the bright light, we must also accept some shadows. Let us, however, thank Columbus for this grand new world, without investigating too closely his actions while awaiting the tardy movements of Ferdinand and Isabella. "Charity," we are told, "covers a multitude of sins"—and so should Genius, the choicest gift of Heaven to man. Some men are pure, Carlyle says, "as dead dry sand is pure." And the impurity of others, we may add, is like that of a rich, luxuriant soil, which while it grows plentiful crops of precious grain, also will grow weeds upon occasion. Let us not, while reaping the heavy grain, growl too much over the weeds.

DEEP POETRY.

There is a tendency of late in the poetical world to muddy composition, as if that which was turbid was necessarily deep. Now it by no means follows that because a poet makes your brains ache to understand his meaning, that said meaning when you do make it out should be of a very profound character. On the contrary, poets who really have great ideas to express, generally are able to express them in a singularly clear and lucid manner. Shakspeare is easily understood, and so are Milton, and Byron, and Wordsworth. And the most inspired and sublime portions of the Scriptures are not difficult of comprehension, so far as they are capable of being comprehended by finite beings.

But when the poet himself does not know exactly what he means, either from the idea being too great for his mental grasp, or because he has not taken time to consider it properly, then he is apt to express himself vaguely, and to puzzle his readers. In such cases the lines naturally become involved, crowded, and obscure—a fit type of the poet's unmastered thought.

Dean Swift is reported to have said of some of the preachers of his day, who obtained with the multitude the reputation of being "very deep," "They are like dry wells; you think they are wondrous deep because they are wondrous dark; whereas this darkness is because of their emptiness." And what the sarcastic Dean said of certain preachers, we may say of certain much vaunted poets.

But all such apostles of the obscure in style and the misty in thought, will perish with their day. "The style is the man;" and the world ultimately judges every author by his style. It is the possessor of a clear, manly, simple style who discourses in poetry or prose with the after generations. The latter have not the time to master ancient puzzles and obscurities—having sufficient of their own fashionable literary follies of the kind—and single out those men of the past to hold converse with, who talk so that they can be understood, knowing besides that these are the only men to whom it is worth listening.

OUR LETTERS.

R. W. F., of Delano, Pennsylvania, writes:—

"To say we like your paper is but a poor way of expressing ourselves. I wish THE POST every success."

Mrs. J. T. P., of Rockville, Indiana, writes—inclosing her subscription for 1870:—

"I thought at the commencement of the year I could not afford to take THE POST this year, but I have taken it for fifteen years, and feel lonely without it."

Mr. E. B., of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, writes:—

"I believe it is time I was renewing my subscription for the best family paper in the world, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST."

T. B. P., of Denton, Texas, writes:—

"Please send me a sample number of THE POST—I want to make up a club. I took it some ten years ago, and never found a paper to suit so well as it did."

Mrs. A. T., of Greenup county, Kentucky, says:—

"I have been reading your paper for the past year, and cannot do without it."

A. J. L., of Evans, New York, writes:—

"I never have found a weekly paper I liked so well as THE POST, or one that has such choice reading. I am also taking the ——, but it seems like chaff beside THE POST."

A NEW SOCIETY.—In view of the many projects of a ridiculous character now being continually started and advocated by those who seem to think that all new notions are necessarily good ones, it is proposed to get up in this city a new society, to be entitled "The Anti Any More d—d Nonsense Society."

All we have to say is that if such a society be formed, it will have its hands full—for never was there a time in this country when madness and folly so completely ruled the hour.

MAIL AGENTS.—We have several complaints from subscribers that the Mail Agents take their papers out of the wrappers, for the purpose of reading them, to the frequent injury of said papers.

That the Mail Agents should wish to improve their minds is very commendable; but it would be more commendable if they would attend strictly to their duties, and not meddle with the contents of the packages entrusted to their care. And if our readers will inform us of the routes upon which their papers are opened, we will call the matter to the attention of the authorities at Washington.

☞ The N. Y. World, in advising some one of the female champions of female suffrage to become a candidate for office of delegate to Congress from Wyoming, says: "The first candidate for the place should be unmarried, persuasive, and unblushing."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MAIDEN WIDOW: A Sequel to "The Family Doom." By EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE NATURAL SPEAKER. Being selections to aid the student in acquiring a simple, natural, business-like style of speaking. By JOSEPH ALDEN, D. D., LL. D., President of New York State Normal School. With a Prefatory Note by James McCosh, D. D., LL.D., President of the College of New Jersey. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE MASTERY SERIES. Manuel for learning Spanish. By THOMAS PRENDERGAST, (late of the Civil Service at Madras,) author of "The Mastery of Languages," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

RED AS A ROSE IS SHE. A novel. By the author of "Cometh up as a Flower," "Not Wisely but Too Well," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE CONFESSIONS OF FITZ-BOODLE; and some passages in the Life of Major Gahagan. By W. M. THACKERAY, author of Pendennis, etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

HELEN AND ARTHUR; or, Miss Thusa's Spinning-Wheel. By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "Reba; or, The Snow-Bird," "The Planter's Northern Bride," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE GALAXY. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW and THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, for January, 1870. The American Editions of these far-famed Quarterlies have been sent to us by the Publishers, The Leonard Scott Company, New York.

THE AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE AND PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR. The last number contains the usual amount of interesting literary matter. Published by G. W. Childs, Philada.

A ROMAN LAWYER IN JERUSALEM. By W. W. STORY. A reprint of an excellent poem from Blackwood. Published by Loring, Boston.

DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR, for 1870. Published by H. A. Dreer, Philada.

NATURE. A Weekly Illustrated Journal of Science. Published at 16 Bedford Street, Strand, London.

THE HALF YEARLY ABSTRACT OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. January. Published by H. C. Lea, Philada.

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW AND AMERICAN BUILDER'S JOURNAL. February number. Published by Samuel Sloan, 152 south Fourth St., Philada.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE. February. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A SHARP-TONGUED Texas woman aggravated her lord to such a degree that he deserted his home in Houston, and fled to Galveston, where he gained courage to write the following letter, preliminary to his return:—

GALVESTON, *January the 7th*, 1870.

My Lovin Wyfe: Ime comin ome nex week an have forgive you for jawin me. I'lle come on the 7 o'clock trane and shall stay ome hereafter & tri to be a altered man. I want peace and so do yew, why shoodn't we love each other, as we used ter when we were first jined together in the wholly bands of madlock. I've jined a temperance sosity but if you ever jaw me agin for commin ome I'll wallap you like 6ty fur we must have peese as grant sos.

TENNYSON'S new home on the Surrey hills is to be a very grand dwelling, with extensive grounds, and already bears the name of the "Tennyson House." Somebody, who probably owns real estate in the neighborhood, gets the English papers to say that the pleasure of having so great a neighbor will doubtless draw many people to erect other homes in the vicinity. But Tennyson is not a very "sociable" neighbor, and is likely to treat them as John Randolph did the Virginia planter who said to him, "Mr. Randolph, I am a neighbor of yours; I pass your plantation frequently." "You are welcome to pass it, sir," said Randolph, "as often as you please."

☞ The poverty and suffering of the negroes in the District of Columbia, is said by the Anti-Slavery people, to be very great. One agent, Mrs. Griffin, has spent during the last year $30,000, appropriated by Congress—and the cry is still loud for help, which the whites are ill-prepared to give; while Congressmen wisely doubt the constitutionality of taking the public money for charitable purposes, though they have recently appropriated $30,000 more.

☞ The darkest hour, as a rule, is just before the gas is lighted.

☞ Why is a policeman generally of a satirical turn? Because he has such a habit of taking people off.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—3000 bbls Pennsylvania and Western family sold, on private terms, and 12,000 bbls, in lots, at $4,37½@4,50 for superfine; $4,75@5 for extra; $5@6 for North-West extra family; $5@5,75 for Pennsylvania extra family; $5,50@6,25 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $6,50@7,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality.

GRAIN—18,000 bus of Pennsylvania, Western, and Southern red sold at $1,25@1,26, the latter rate for prime. 4000 bus Pennsylvania and Western white sold at $1,45@1,50. Corn—6,000 bus of new yellow sold at 88@90c for Pennsylvania, and 90@92 for Delaware—the latter rate afloat, and 5000 bus of new white at 92@93 ₱ bus. Oats—40,000 bus Pennsylvania, Western, and Southern sold at 52@55c ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—Sales of 500 bbls new mess Pork at $26,50@27. Beef Hams are quoted at $21@22 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 15@15½c; Excelsior hams at 20c; sides at 15½@17c, and shoulders at 12@13½c. Green Meats—Sales of 700 tcs pickled hams at 14@15½c, and 80,000 lbs of shoulders in salt at 11c. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 15@16½c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs at 18c. Butter—Penna and Western and solid packed ranges from 15 to 20c. Cheese—Sales at 12@13c. Eggs sell at 24@26c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—800 bales middlings sold at 25@25½c for uplands and 26@26½c ₱ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—No. 1 Quercitron is quoted at $30 ₱ ton.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 lbs., $1,50@1,55; mixed do, $1,35@1,40; Straw, $1,20@1,30.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 8@35c and Wisconsin at 15@25c ₱ ℔.

IRON—1200 tons of No. 1 Anthracite sold at @28. Bar Iron is quoted at $78@80 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Clovereed is higher, with sales of 1500 bus at $8,12½@8,31 for prime quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 9½@11 cts ₱ ℔. 125 Cows brought from $50 to 75 ₱ head. Sheep—10,500 head were disposed of at from 5½@5¾c ₱ ℔. 8100 Hogs sold at from $13 to 13,75 ₱ 100 ℔s.

Life in Germany.

You enter a German house, without knocking, through a door which rings a bell, and thus announces the ingress or egress of some one. At the foot of the staircase you find a bell-handle, by ringing at which you call a servant, who conducts you to a parlor or reception-room on the next floor, which you enter by knocks. You will find the parlor and the best rooms in the house adorned with beautiful pictures on the walls and elegant lace curtains at the windows, but probably without any carpet. The floor, however, is tessalated with beautiful patterns in various colors, and varnished; or, at least, it is scoured till it is as white as the driven snow. The amount of fine white linen which a German housekeeper has, and which she is not reluctant to show her guests, is fabulous. This is partly a mark of gentility and partly a matter of necessity; for the Germans have but three or four washing-days in the whole year. And the baking of the black bread of the peasants is as infrequent as their washing. The Germans in the country, and in such cities as Gottingen, keep early hours, breakfasting at 6 or earlier, dining at 1, and usually going to bed as early as 10. We attended a concert of most delightful music; but it began at 5 P. M., and closed at 7 in the evening. In short, the childlike virtues of simplicity, candor, naturalness, and heartiness, which have almost died out in fashionable American society, still exist in Germany in all their primitive perfection. When we parted from our hostess, she embraced my wife and kissed her repeatedly, as if she had been a sister or a daughter, and did not even let her husband depart without a share in this hearty benediction.—*Letter from Prof. W. S. Tyler, of Amherst College.*

☞ The New York Herald says: "It is proposed to pension two little girls just rescued from Indian captivity, and to charge this pension against the annuity of the tribe that stole the children. This idea might be carried further. Why not charge against the Indians, in the nature of damages, a certain sum for every white man they kill, and reserve that sum from the annuity of the tribe to which the murderer belonged?"

☞ There is an old lady in Lynchburg, Va., who says she made a pair of socks last fifteen years by merely knitting feet to them every winter, and legs every other winter.

☞ Mormonism is said to be prospering on Long Island, and many young women of "intelligence and refinement," it is stated, are embracing the principles of this sect. Some of the local papers think the women are only pretending to believe in Mormonism, but they deprecate even the pretence.

☞ Du Chaillu is prosecuting his studies of barbarous life in Chicago. He finds there a new species called the go-illas.

☞ A Toledo German, who has kept a saloon for the accommodation of printers, has had to suspend on account of the customary impecuniosity of the craft. Here is a list of some of his customers, as found on the books: "Der Laim Brinter;" "Der Leetle Brinter;" "Der Pen Putler Brinter;" "Der Tivel;" "Der Brinter mit der red hair;" "Der Brinter mit hair not shoost so red."

☞ What will the teetotallers say now? Dr. Thudicum, at a recent lecture at the Society of Arts, produced a number of bottles of wine made from tea. The natural tea-wine is proved to contain nine per cent. of the teetotaller's special horror—alcohol! What is to be done? Never again can we truthfully describe tea as "the cup that cheers but not inebriates!"

☞ Are we inspired? Yes, without doubt, but not as the prophets and apostles. God never ceases to speak, but the noise of the creatures without and of our passions within deafens us and hinders us from hearing Him.—*Fenelon.*

☞ A member of the Alabama Legislature recently arose and moved that "Mars Rylan Randolph be brought before dis House on de telegram wire."

☞ A new door has recently been opened to women—that of ticket agent in country railroad offices. Several Western roads have adopted the system.

☞ A little girl who was sent out to hunt eggs thought it strange she did not find any, as there were several hens "standing around doing nothing."

☞ A young lady in Cavendish, Vt., recently killed a skunk with a butcher knife. She says the battle is not always to the strong.

☞ At a ball in high life a young man and an old gentleman seated near each other were yawning so that their jawbones were in danger of dislocation. "Are you having a good time?" asked the young fellow. "Me? not at all." "Let's cut it then." "Can't, I'm master of the house."

☞ The Bishop of Peterborough, speaking of those philosophers and reformers who hope in time to produce a perfect world, recently said: "There were some who believed that, somehow or other, they didn't know how, at some time or other, they didn't know when, for some cause or other, they didn't know why, the world would become wonderfully wise, wonderfully good, and wonderfully happy."

☞ The late Dean of Cape Town, in relating his experience with tracts, found that the charity inculcated in them led one of his penitents to say: "I'm a changed man, sir, through them tracts. Once I cared for neither God or Devil; and now I loves 'em both alike!"

☞ Camilla Urso has secured all the singers and musicians necessary for her "monster festival" at San Francisco.

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with 10 cents postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia oct8-1y

☞ The Mormon Legislature of Utah, has enacted female suffrage for that Territory; but only six votes were cast by women at the recent election in Salt Lake City. This speaks well for the femininity of the Mormon ladies.

☞ *CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP* contains a large per centage of VEGETABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. CRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutgers-place, and 33 and 35 Jefferson ☞ St. Office 84 Front street, New York. oct2-6m

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep4-1y

Collins, Alderson & Co.—These gentlemen are most extensive dealers in seed and seed growers in the city of Philadelphia. They have had large experience in that department of agriculture, and been qualified for the business in which they are now engaged by several years practical farming. They have over two hundred acres near Haddonfield, embraced in two distinct farms, upon which they are enabled to cultivate and keep pure every variety of seed, and being under the personal management of one of the partners, they are enabled to produce an article they can recommend as pure. Among their products is to be found every variety of field, garden and flower seed, corn, oats, unsurpassed in quality. Messrs. Collins, Alderson & Co., issue annually a Descriptive Catalogue, which, in addition to their list, it contains many valuable hints upon the mode of cultivating nearly every kind of crop. In no single volume of the same number of pages can more useful and valuable information be obtained upon the subject treated, than in this catalogue. The book is distributed free to everybody. During the past season these gentlemen received a number of complimentary letters from persons in different parts of the country all testifying to the purity and excellence of their field and flower seeds.

As an evidence of the extent of their operations, we may mention the fact that their turnip seed crop alone for 1869, exceeded ten tons.

The Escurial.

The Escurial is the palace of the King of Spain, and is the largest and most magnificent in the world. It was commenced by Philip II., in the year 1562, and the first cost of its erection was 6,000,000 ducats. It forms a vast square of polished stone, paved with marble. It may give some notion of the surprising grandeur of this palace to observe that, according to the computation of Francisco de los Santos, it would take more than four days to go through all the rooms and apartments, the length of the way reckoned thirty-three Spanish leagues, which is above one hundred and twenty English miles. There are fourteen thousand doors and eleven thousand windows belonging to the edifice.

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparilliant Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of waste, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases. Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

☞ WOULDN'T SIGN.—A man entering a druggist's shop at Bilston, where lay a petition in favor of arbitration instead of war, was asked by the shopman if he would sign it. "No," was the reply, "I am a Wesleyan, and *will not* sign it, because it is *against the Bible.*" "Indeed, how do you make that out?" "Why, the Bible says there shall be '*wars and rumors of wars*,' and I won't sign it."

New Invention.—Twelve tools combined in one. To be carried in vest pocket: Pocket Rule, Ruler, Square, Bevel, Screw Driver, Chisel, Compasses, Scissors, Button hole Cutter, Paper Knife, Eraser and Pencil-sharpener. Agents wanted. Sample (Polished Steel) sent by mail, prepaid, with terms to agents for 50 cents. Steel, silver plated, $1. Extra finished, gold plated, $2. Address COMBINATION TOOL CO., 95 Mercer St., New York. feb12-con2t

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☞ Joseph Wesley Harper, another of the four brothers who founded the famous publishing house of Harper & Bros., died in New York on the 14th. Deceased was for many years a very active member of the firm. For some time past he had been in indifferent health, and the sudden death of Mr. James Harper, his brother, last spring, it is supposed, did much to accelerate his death.

Be Beautiful—Restore Nature's Losses

If you desire beautiful hair, dark and lustrous, same healthy condition as in youth, use "*London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing.*" Restores gray Hair, stops its falling at once; it is utterly different, and possesses great advantages over all other (so called) restorers, as it is not sticky or gummy; soils nothing; its application is a real pleasure instead of a task; as a hair dressing it is absolute perfection; ask for "*London Hair Color Restorer*," use no other. Price only 75 cents. One dozen $8. Sold by dealers everywhere. DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. ja29-eow1f

☞ A Mobile youth recently read from his Bible "Let not the wicked trump over me."

FITS! FITS! FITS!
FITS! FITS! FITS!

Cure of Epilepsy or Falling Fits

BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *Hance's Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits.

The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted; they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, if he has a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

PHILADELPHIA, October 10, 1867.
To SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but so could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be or whatever be occupied with, and I was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on the 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the Pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, that persons who are similarly affected may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 826 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM ELDER.

CURE OF A CHILD.

SARDIS, PANOLA Co., MISS., Oct. 20, 1868.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—As a matter of justice and gratitude to you, I desire, unasked, to state the following facts. My eldest son, Fred, was taken with spasms, or Epileptic Fits, in the summer of 1865, and continued to be afflicted with them to a most distressing extent, until both myself and the physicians attending him feared he would never be relieved. I was advised by Major Guy, of Grenada, of your Pills, and ordered two boxes. This I think was last winter. Since receiving them, Fred has had but one slight spasm, where he used to have them twice or more, sometimes five times monthly. When the supply gave out I ordered more, and he has used them all, and is now by permission of my family physician at school, which he was forbidden to attend before, and I sincerely hope entirely cured. I will add that before sending for them, I heard upon inquiry of several instances in which they had been successfully used. You are at liberty to use this as you think proper, for the virtue of the Pills should be universally known. Very resp'y, J. F. SIMMONS.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS

By Hance's Epileptic Pills.

MONTGOMERY, TEXAS, June 20, 1867.

To SETH S. HANCE—A person in my employ had been afflicted with Fits or Epilepsy for thirteen years; he had these attacks at intervals from two to four weeks, and oftentimes several in quick succession, sometimes continuing for two or three days. On several occasions they continued until his mind appeared totally deranged, in which condition he would continue for a day or two after the fits had ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by our resident physicians, but without any success. Having seen your advertisement in the Philadelphia *Courier*, I concluded I would try your remedy. I obtained two boxes of your Pills, and gave them according to directions, and they effected a permanent cure. The person is now a stout, healthy man, and is about thirty years of age, and has not had a fit since he commenced taking your medicine, which was ten years since. He was my principal wagoner, and has, since that time, been exposed to the severest of weather. I have great confidence in your remedy, and would like every one who has fits to give it a trial. B. L. DE FRENZE.

CAN EPILEPSY BE CURED?

We think the following from a respectable citizen of Mississippi will answer the question, and remove all doubts from every unbiassed mind:

GRENADA, MISS., June 5, 1865.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in relating a case of spasms or fits, cured by your invaluable Pills. My brother, J. J. Ligon, has long been afflicted with this awful disease. He was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first; but as he grew older, they seemed to increase likewise. Up to that time he commenced taking your Pills, he had them very often and quite severe, prostrating him body and mind. His mind had suffered seriously; but now, I am happy to say, he is cured of those fits. He has enjoyed fine health for the last five months past. His mind has also returned to its original rightfulness. All this I take great pleasure in communicating, as it may be the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours respectfully, &c., W. P. LIGON.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY?

The Subjoined Will Answer.

GRENADA, MISS., June 30.

SETH S. HANCE—Dear Sir—You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c., C. H. GUY.

Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

WONDERFUL, BUT TRUE.

A few days since, Mr. James H. Beadle, of Huntsville, Alabama, called on us, and gave us permission to publish for the benefit of suffering humanity, the astonishing cure which had been effected in the case of his wife by the use of Dr. Hance's Vegetable Epileptic Pills. He informed us, that at the time his wife commenced using the medicine, her system was entirely prostrated by the number of spasms she had undergone, as to reduce her weight to 100 pounds. Since she has been taking the Pills, she has entirely got over the spasms, and has gained in weight and bodily health. She now weighs at least 200 pounds, and declares she is in better enjoyment of health than ever before in her life. Mr. Beadle also related the case of Mr. Harrison Lightfoot of the same town, who has been entirely cured of the worst form of Epilepsy, by these same Pills. Mr. Lightfoot's case was so bad that he never passed a week without having an attack, often falling down in the street. He has not had an attack for more than a year. Mr. Beadle thinks that if the Pills ever fail in curing a case, it is for the want of proper perseverance on the part of the person in taking them, as he feels assured from observation in the case of his wife, that if they are taken for a sufficient length of time, they will cure any case. Sent to any part of the country, by mail, on the receipt of a remittance.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price, one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. feb19-12t

Hide the Scars.

A painter was once engaged upon a likeness of Alexander the Great. In the course of his battles Alexander had received an ugly scar on the side of his face. The artist was desirous of giving a correct likeness of the monarch, and at the same time desirous of hiding the scar. It was a difficult task to accomplish. At length he hit upon a happy expedient. He painted him in a reflective attitude, his hand placed against his head, while his finger covered the scar. The best men are not without their failings, their scars—but do not dwell upon them. In speaking of them to others, adopt the painter's expedient, and let the finger of love be placed on the scars.

Irritable Invalids.

Indigestion not only effects the physical health but the dispositions and tempers of its victims. The dyspeptic becomes, too, in a measure demoralized by his sufferings. He is subject to fits of irritation, sullenness, or despair, as the case may be. A preternatural sensitiveness which he cannot control, leads him to misconstrue the words and acts of those around him, and his intercourse even with those nearest and dearest to him is not unfrequently marked by exhibitions of testiness foreign to his real nature. These are the mental phenomena of the disease, for which the invalid cannot be justly held responsible, but they occasion much household discomfort. It is to the interest of the home circle, it is essential to family harmony as well as to the rescue of the principal sufferer from a state not far removed from incipient insanity, that these symptoms of mental disturbance be promptly removed. This can only be done by removing their physical cause, a derangement of the functions of the stomach, and its allied viscera, the liver and the bowels. Upon these three important organs HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS act simultaneously, producing a thorough and salutary change in their condition. The vegetable ingredients of which the preparation is composed are of a renovating, regulating and *alterative* character and the stimulant which lends activity to their remedial virtues is the purest and best that can be extracted from the most wholesome of all cereals, viz.: sound rye. No dyspeptic can take this genial restorative for a single week without experiencing a notable improvement in his general health. Not only will his bodily sufferings abate from day to day, but his mind will recover rapidly from its restlessness and irritability, and this happy change will manifest itself in his demeanor to all around him. feb5-4t

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☞ SCOTLAND.—A Scotchman asked Dr. Johnson, after his return from the Hebrides, what he thought of his country. "That it is a very vile country to be sure," replied Johnson. "Well, sir," rejoined the Scotchman, somewhat mortified, "God made it." "Certainly He did," answered the doctor, "but we must always remember that He made it for Scotchmen; and, comparisons are odious, Mr. Strahan, but God made hell."—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

A Humbug.

How often we hear this expression from persons reading advertisements of patent medicines, and in nine cases out of ten they may be right. It is over 22 years since I introduced *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment* to the public. I had no money to advertise it, so I left it for sale with a few druggists and storekeepers through a small section of the country, many taking it with great reluctance; but I told them to let any one have it, and if it did not do all I stated on my pamphlet, no one need pay for it. In some stores two or three bottles were taken on trial by persons present. I was, by many, thought crazy, and that would be the last they would see of me. But I knew my medicine was no humbug. In about two months I began to receive orders for more Liniment, some calling it my valuable Liniment, who had refused to sign a receipt when I left it at their stores. Now my sales are millions of bottles yearly, and all for cash. I warrant it superior to any other medicine for the cure of croup, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, vomiting, spasms, and sea-sickness, as an internal remedy. It is perfectly innocent to take internally—see oath accompanying each bottle—and externally for chronic rheumatism, headache, mumps, frosted feet, bruises, sprains, old sores, swellings, sore throats, &c., &c.

Price 50 cents. Sold by the druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. feb5-4t

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☞ On New Year's night three children disappeared from the home of their parents in Wynockie, New Jersey. The eldest was a boy of ten years. The event occasioned great excitement, and it was feared the little ones had been foully dealt with. Last week the terrible uncertainty respecting their fate became a sad reality. The dead bodies of the little unfortunates were found, bearing unmistakable evidence of starvation, at the foot of a mountain, about two miles from their home.

The remarkable properties of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have been thoroughly tested since first introduced. The demand for them has steadily increased, and purely upon their own merits, they have found favor with those who, from pulmonary, bronchial, or asthmatic complaints, require them. For colds and coughs they are efficacious.

☞ A gust of wind on Tuesday, the 18th ultimo, carried a tin sign, representing a gold pen, from a store in Detroit up into the air, and in its descent the point of the sign penetrated the back of a dog, impaling him to death. It is common to hear of death by the sword, by stroke of lightning, and by sun stroke; but such a quietus by the stroke of a pen is something new.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th of Dec., by the Rev. John F. Chaplain, Mr. THAD. P. VARNEY to Miss ALICE R. PLANK, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. WILLIAM W. EVERARD, of Luzerne county, Pa., to Miss ANNIE E. SMALL, of Caroline county, Md.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. William T. Eva, CHARLES W. GIFFORD, M. D., to Miss CATHARINE F. BABE.

On the 12th of Jan., by the Rev. P. A. Jordan, Mr. JAMES BYRNE to Miss ANNIE R. HAMILTON, both of this city.

On the 2d of Jan., by the Rev. M. W. Burrell, Mr. THOMAS BYRON to Miss SALLIE SMITH, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. T. V. Ashton, Mr. JAMES S. CAMPBELL to Miss AMANDA HAGENBAUGH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, Mr. JAMES DUNLAP, aged 44 years.

On the 13th instant, CHARLES DURAND, in his 76th year.

On the 14th instant, HENRY A. PERRET, in his 43d year.

On the 14th instant, MRS. ELISABETH PERRET, aged 73 years.

On the 13th instant, SAMUEL T. COWARD, in his 63d year.

On the 13th instant, JOHANNA M. KAPLAN, aged 46 years.

On the 13th instant, DAVID BUCKWALTER, in his 63d year.

On the 11th instant, JOHN F. RANDELL, in his 50th year.

On the 11th instant, GEORGE ELLIOTT, in his 40th year.

THE COMING YEAR.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for the present year:—

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, *paying in advance*, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

Story Told at Mr. Jefferson's

"One day, after dinner, Mr. Webster told a story of himself which was characteristic of him, and amused Mr. Jefferson very much. Mr. Jefferson remarked that men not unfrequently obtained more credit for readiness in command of their knowledge, and indeed for its amount, than they deserved. He said it had happened to himself. Mr. Webster replied that he supposed it had happened to most men, and especially to lawyers. He said that, soon after going to Portsmouth as a young lawyer, a blacksmith brought him a case under a will; he was unable to give him a decided answer, and desired him to call again. Having little to do, he went to work upon the case, and found it a difficult one. He went through all the books in his own little collection, that could give him any light, and then borrowed what he could find relating to the point in question, in the libraries of Mr. Jeremiah Mason, and of Mr. Peyton R. Freeman, a curious black-letter lawyer in Portsmouth. His client called for an opinion, but he was unable to give him one—he had only got far enough into the matter to ascertain that the blacksmith's bequest was either a *contingent remainder* or an *executory devise*. He sent to Boston and bought Fearne's Essay on these two subjects, and other books, all together costing him fifty dollars. At last, after a month's hard work, and making out a very elaborate brief, he gave an opinion favorable to his client's claim, argued the case, won it, and received a fee of fifteen dollars, all that the amount in controversy would warrant him to charge.

"Years passed by, and the blacksmith and his case had almost passed away also from his memory. At length, being in New York on his way to Washington, Mr. Aaron Burr sent him a note, saying that he wished to consult him on a legal question of some consequence. Mr. Webster gave him an appointment, and, when Mr. Burr began to explain his case to him, he said that he knew in a moment that it was his blacksmith's case over again. He, however, heard Mr. Burr quietly through, and then, with the blacksmith's brief full in his mind, began to reply. He cited a series of cases bearing on the point, and going back, if I remember rightly, to a leading one in the time of Charles II. Mr. Burr listened to him for some time, and then interrupted him somewhat suddenly, by asking him whether he had been consulted in that case before. 'He evidently suspected,' said Mr. Webster, 'that I must have been of counsel to the other side. I assured him that I did not know there was such a case or such parties in the world till he explained it to me.' Mr. Webster said that he subsequently gave Mr. Burr a written opinion on his case, and made him pay enough for it to cover all his work for the blacksmith, and something moreover for Mr. Burr's suspicion that he had been of counsel for the opposite party. He added, 'Mr. Burr, no doubt, thought me a much more learned lawyer than I was, and, under the circumstances of the case, I did not think it worth while to disabuse him of his good opinion of me.'"—*Curtis's Life of Daniel Webster.*

RISK.

In the quiet of the evening
Two are walking in unrest;
Man has touched a jealous nature,—
Anger burns in woman's breast.

(These are neither wed nor plighted,
Yet the maybe hangs as near
And as fragrant as the wild-rose
Which their garments hardly clear.

And as briery, too, you fancy?
Well, perhaps so—some sad morn
One or both may, for a moment,
Wish they never had been born.)

Happy quips and honest pleadings
Meet with silence or a sneer;
But more keenly has she listened
Since she vowed she would not hear.

Now a great oak parts the pathway.
"Nature 'll gratify your mood;
To the right,—let this divide you:
It will all be understood."

So caprice, with childish weakness,
Yet with subtlety of thought,
Whispered in the ear of woman.
Love with dread the answer sought.

Was it superstitious feeling
Struck at once the hearts of two?
Had he seen proud eyes half sorry
For what little feet must do?

For he stretched an arm towards her,
Folding nothing but the air,
Saying nothing,—just the motion
Drew without offending there.

In the quiet of the evening
Two are walking back again;
At the oak their happy voices
Whisper of a vanished pain.

What if they to-night be plighted,
And the maybe hangs more near
And more fragrant than the wild-rose
Which their garments hardly clear!

And more briery, too, you fancy?
Well, perhaps so. Thorns are ill,
But Love draws them out so kindly,
One must trust him, come what will.
—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Wanted—A Home.

BY H. H.

Nothing can be meaner than that "Misery should love company." But the proverb is founded on an original principle in human nature, which it is no use to deny and hard work to conquer. I have been uneasily conscious of this sneaking sin in my own soul, within the past few weeks, as I have read article after article in the English newspapers and magazines on the "decadence of the home spirit in English family life, as seen in the large towns and the metropolis." It seems they are as badly off as we, these English. * * * * * *

Everything is everybody's fault, in the simplest and fairest way of putting it. It is everybody's fault that the average home is stupid, dreary, insufferable—a place from which fathers fly to clubs, boys and girls to streets. But when we ask who can do most to remedy this—in whose hands it most lies to fight the fight against the tendencies to monotony, stupidity, and instability which are inherent in human nature—then the answer is clear and loud. It is the work of women; this is the true mission of women, their "right" divine and unquestionable, and including most emphatically the "right to labor."

To create and sustain the atmosphere of a home—it is easily said in a very few words; but how many women have done it? How many women can acknowledge to themselves or others that this is their aim? To keep house well women often say they desire. But keeping house well is another affair—I had almost said it has nothing to do with creating a home. That is not true, of course; for comfortable living, as regards food and fire and clothes, can do much to help on a home. Nevertheless, the best homes, with one exception, I have ever seen were in houses which were not especially well kept; and the very worst I have ever known were presided (I mean tyrannized) over by "perfect housekeepers."

All creators are single-aimed. Never will the painter, sculptor, writer lose sight of his art. Even in the intervals of rest and diversion which are necessary to his health and growth, everything he sees ministers to his passion. Consciously or unconsciously, he makes each shape, color, incident, his own; sooner or later it will enter into his work.

So it must be with the woman who will create a home. There is an evil fashion of speech which says it is a narrowing and narrow life which a woman leads who cares only, works only for her husband and children; that a higher, more imperative thing is that she herself be developed to her utmost. Even so clear and strong a writer as Frances Cobbe, in her, for the most part, admirable essay on the "Final Cause of Woman," falls into this shallowness of words, and speaks of women who live solely for their families as "adjectives."

In the family relation so many women are nothing more, so many women become even less, that human conception may perhaps be forgiven for losing sight of the truth, the ideal. Yet in a woman it is hard to forgive it. Thinking clearly, she should see that a creator can never be an adjective; and that a woman who creates and sustains a home, and under whose hands children grow up to be strong and pure men and women, is a creator, second only to God.

Before she can fulfill this, she must have development; in and by the doing of this comes constant development; the higher her development the more perfect a creation can she make; the instant her own development is arrested her creation stops. All science, all art, all religion, all experience of life, all knowledge of men—all will help her; the stars in their courses can be won to fight for her. Could she attain to the utmost of knowledge, could she have all possible human genius, it would be none too much. Reverence holds its breath and goes softly, realizing what it is in this woman's power to do; with what divine patience, steadfastness, and inspiration she must work.

Into the home she will create, monotony, stupidity, antagonisms cannot come. Her foresight will provide occupations and amusements; her loving and alert diplomacy will fend off disputes. Unconsciously, every member of her family will be as clay in her hands. More anxiously than any statesman will she meditate on the wisdom of each measure, the bearing of each word. The least possible governing which is compatible with order will be her first principle; her second, the greatest possible influence which is compatible with the growth of individuality. Will the woman whose brain and heart are working these problems, as applied to a household, be an adjective? be idle?

She will be no more an adjective than the sun is an adjective in the solar system; no more idle than Nature is idle. She will be perplexed; she will be weary; she will be disheartened, sometimes. All creators, save one, have known these pains and grown strong by them. But she will never withdraw her hand for one instant. Delays and failures will only set her to casting about for new instrumentalities. She will press all things into her service. She will master sciences, that her boys' evenings need not be dull. She will be worldly wise, and render to Cæsar his dues, that her husband and daughters have her by their side in their pleasures. She will invent, she will surprise, she will forestall, she will remember, she will laugh, she will listen, she will be young, she will be old, and she will be three times loving, loving, loving.

This is too hard? There is the house to be kept? And there are poverty and sickness, and there is not time?

Yes, it is hard. And there is the house to be kept; and there are poverty and sickness; but, God be praised, there is time. A minute is time. In one minute may live the essence of all. I have seen a beggar woman make half an hour of home on a door-step, with a basket of broken meat! And the most perfect home I ever saw was in a little house, into the sweet incense of whose fires no costly things went. Not more than a thousand dollars for a year's living of father, mother, and three children. But the mother was a creator of a home; her relation with her children was the most beautiful I have ever seen; even a dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do good work for souls, by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the keynote of the day; and it always rang clear. From the rose-bud or clover-leaf which, in spite of her hard housework, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the essay or story she had on hand to be read or discussed in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife, housekeeper, home-maker. If to her quick brain, loving heart, and exquisite tact had been added the appliances of wealth and the enlargements of a wider culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it was the best I have ever known. It is more than twenty years since I crossed its threshold. I do not know whether she is living or not. But, as I see house after house in which fathers, and mothers, and children are dragging out their lives in a haphazard alternation of listless routine and unpleasant collision, I always think with a sigh of that poor little cottage by the seashore, and the woman who was "the light thereof;" and I find in the faces of most men and children, as plainly written and as sad to see as in the newspaper columns of "Personals," "Wanted—a home."—*The Independent.*

The Infernal Regions.

The idea of such a realm of shades is as old as mankind. At first, no distinction was made between the good and the bad; they all met in one and the same vast space. Afterward, a judgment was suggested, after which the virtuous went to the abode of the blessed, and the wicked to a dark, dismal place, where they received their reward.

Such was the view generally entertained by the Greeks and the Romans: inexorable judges sat at the entrance-gates, and sent the guilty to Tartarus, there to endure unspeakable punishments. The ancient Germans, also, had their place for the dead—high up toward the North, but deep in the bosom of the earth, beneath a root of the world-tree Yggdrasil. It was called Niffelheim, the home of the shades, from which no return was possible, and its ruler was Hel, the fearful goddess of death. Her plate was called Hunger, her knife Sultr—both words expressive of insatiable avidity: for what the dark deity once had seized she held for ever. But there was no idea of suffering connected with this home of the departed; and, in Germany, at least, the word hell meant, up to the twelfth century, nothing more than the lower world. But the peculiar views of the middle ages, instilled in the people by the Church, added to it the idea of a dark and yet fiery space, burning with pitch and sulphur. Here sinners are made to suffer unbearable and in many cases unending punishment. Here the chief of devils sits on his fiery throne. He has seven combs and seven horns on his head. On the point of each horn there is a tower, and fire comes forth from his mouth and his eyes and ears.

The early authors who treat of this interesting place—and their name is legion—do not agree as to the precise locality. Some place it in the sun; others, in the moon; now they look for it in the fog by the seaside, and now high up in the air. St. Patrick assured his friends that he had seen the devils at work, plaguing sinners, in the caves of the rocks.

The Human Hair.

Gray hairs sell for a cent apiece. Hair dressers inquire of their customers for them, and beg that that may be saved from the comb in dressing. Gray hair is the most expensive and difficult to obtain. There is now a strong motive for young women to cultivate the growth of fine heads of hair, as their tresses in moments of difficulty may be worth a dowry to them. Mothers are warned against cutting their children's hair too often. If it is of good thickness at first, scissors should not be touched to the head; cutting makes the hair grow thicker but coarser. Frequent brushing while the hair is of moderate length, and washing once a week with a teaspoonful of liquid ammonia in a large bowlful of warm water, is the best treatment possible. Keep it done up loosely, so that the air can move through the hair freely. If any stimulant is required, half an ounce of dry ammonia, rubbed into a pint of olive oil, is the finest dressing to be made, surpassing bay rum and any mixture of spirits and oil. This dressing prevents the hair from turning gray, if anything will do do so, and urges its growth.—*N. Y. Citizen.*

☞ Paris has a new invention. It is a portable fresh butter churn, to be used at table each meal. It is made of crystal, and mounted on silver feet. A silver rod revolves quickly in the cream and presents a pat of butter every three minutes.

Condensed History of Steam.

About two hundred and eighty years B. C., Hiero, of Alexandria, formed a toy which exhibited some of the powers of steam, and was moved by its power.

A. D. 450, Anthemius, an architect, arranged several caldrons of water, each covered with the wide bottom of the leather tube, which rose to a narrow top, which pipes extended to the rafters of the adjoining building. A fire was kindled beneath the caldrons, and the house was shaken by the efforts of the steam ascending the tubes. This is the first notice of the power of steam recorded.

In 1543, June 17, Blasco D. Garoy tried a steamboat of 200 tons with tolerable success at Barcelona, Spain. It consisted of a caldron of boiling water under a movable wheel on each side of the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable. A present, however, was made to Garoy.

In 1690, the first railroad was constructed at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The first idea of a steam engine in England was in the Marquis of Winchester's "History of Inventions," A. D. 1663.

In 1710, Newcomer made the first steam engine in England.

In 1718, patents were granted to Savery for the first application of the steam engine.

In 1764, James Watt made the first perfect steam engine in England.

In 1736, Jonathan Hulls set forth the idea of steam navigation.

In 1773, Thomas Paine at first proposed this application in America.

In 1781, Marquis Jouffroy constructed one on the Saone.

In 1785, two Americans published works about it.

In 1789, William Symington made a voyage in one on the Forth of Clyde Canal.

In 1802, this experiment was repeated.

In 1782, Ramsey propelled a boat by steam to New York.

In 1788, John Fitch, of Philadelphia, navigated a boat by a steam engine on the Delaware.

In 1793, Robert Fulton first began to apply his attention to steam.

In 1793, Oliver Evans, a native of Philadelphia, constructed a locomotive steam engine to travel on a turnpike road.

The first steam vessel that crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, June, 1817, from Charleston to Liverpool.

Napoleon's Birthplace.

The house is large—four stories—and of stone, evidently one of the best of its day. It is hardly excelled, even yet, in Ajaccio. It shows that the family were "well-to-do" in the world. In fact, Madame Letitia's family (the Ramolinis) were rich, and had many estates upon the island. When she died, she bequeathed her furniture to members of her family. The present emperor has collected most of the articles, and replaced them in the house which he now owns. Our conductress told us what each object meant, and whose room this, that, and the other, was. The second floor was madame's bedchamber, dining-room, and *salon*—quite commodious. The floor above it was devoted to the sons. Here was Napoleon's room and his bureau! Yonder, Joseph's! There, Jerome's! The floor above that for the boys was occupied by the daughters. There was a very small terrace looking out from the reception-room, with flowers in pots—all in bloom. This reception-room contained five little square mirrors, as high as your head, running down each side; three other mirrors near them, and one grand mirror at either end of the room. In fact, we counted some fifteen mirrors in this room. The Napoleons were well provided with looking-glasses. We cannot say as much for any of the other houses we have seen. What effect these mirrors had upon the young Napoleon, I will leave with other *reflections* to the reader. Two brackets for wax tapers hung below each little mirror. The ceiling was ribbed. It had been newly plastered, with some little effort at fresco. The mother's portrait, very finely executed, hung over her dressing-table. It presents her as a splendid woman. The cabinets were inlaid with every-colored marble, and verd antique. Some rare objects sent by Napoleon from Egypt were displayed.—*S. S. Cox on Corsica.*

American Girls in Europe.

I do not wish to undervalue English beauty, which is most satisfactory and enduring, and most of which will wash. But I confess that American beauty from New York to New Orleans has spoiled my eyes for any other; and when I am just getting accustomed to the solid English matrons and maidens, like Mr. Hawthorne, and beginning to like them—along comes a group of my fair country women, on their travels, and they spoil it all again. Those dear Yankee girls—I fear you do not appreciate them at home. Here they admire and envy them—that is, the men admire and the women envy. On the continent they rave about them. Half a dozen American belles send a whole German town distracted. It is not only beauty and grace, but their wit, spirit, and audacity. The continental customs favor their triumphs. No girl over there dares to say her soul is her own—let alone her body. She never goes anywhere without a *chaperone;* she never converses with a gentleman except to answer a question; she is of necessity insipid to the last degree. An American girl, on the contrary, asserts her freedom, goes where she likes, talks with every one she cares to talk with, says *du* to a German—just as she would do at home. He is overwhelmed, astonished, but all the more delighted. He tells his friends that the beautiful girl he waltzed with said *du* to him, and told him to bring her a glass of water, which sets them all crazy to be introduced, hear her say *du* to them, and be made water carriers likewise. Next day the whole town is talking about and staring at her—the women are in a rage—but the result is the conviction that America *must* be a great country, increased emigration, and the consequent progress of civilization.—*European Letter.*

☞ Mr. Peabody, happening a few years since to be at a German watering-place in company with a banker of this city, the latter one morning at breakfast ordered a trout, thinking it might tempt Mr. P.'s poor appetite. Mr. Peabody expressed surprise at his friend's order. "Do you know what that trout costs? I can't afford to order one. Why, it costs a dollar!"

☞ Mr. S. O. Hill, of Manchester, has this winter raised full-sized green peas on vines grown in his sitting-room, fed with water and air entirely, having no soil in which to root.

ALL IN WHITE.

How it came I cannot tell,
But I know the vision well;
For I saw it in day-dreamings,
Or I saw it in the night—
I was sad at heart, when, lo,
Flashing lightly to and fro,
Glimmers sweet I saw, and gleamings
All of white, all of white.

It was in the morning hour,
Ere the sun had gathered power,
And the birds went tweet and twitter,
Cheep and chirrup with delight;
And I saw the sweetest bride
Ever chosen, churchward ride,
Purely drest—what garb was fitter?—
All in white, all in white.

Then I heard a peal of bells
Thrilling through me with sweet swells,
Chiming till my heart beat thicker,
Rhyming all a burden light;
Then I looked within the church,
Scanned the aisles with wondering search—
By the altar stood the vicar,
All in white, all in white.

Soon a rustling filled the space,
And a maiden took her place;
Soon I heard her accents falter
Sweetly as in half affright;
Words were said that bound for life
Flesh to flesh and she, a wife,
Lowly knelt before the altar,
All in white, all in white.

Here a mist came over me,
Veiling what I tried to see,
And I sighed for further splendor,
Or a subtler, keener sight;
Then I saw a fair and blest
Woman, folding to her breast
Something wee, and soft, and tender,
All in white, all in white.

And she rocked it to and fro,
Singing something wild and low—
Singing wordless lyrics, maybe,
With a soothing, soft delight—
Cradling on her bosom sweet
Little head and little feet;
For her life was in that baby,
All in white, all in white.

Let the vision end—I know
What comes after must be woe:
Ah! 'tis puny work defying
Providence's wiser might!
After days and after years
I must see, through falling tears,
Child or mother calmly lying,
All in white, all in white.

Yet I grieve not—it is best—
It is wiser those should rest
Who would sorely roam and range else,
In a clime of change and blight.
It is sweetest, at the last,
When, the care and sorrow past,
They shall troop and sing with angels,
All in white, all in white.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"DIED IN A FIT."

A week elapsed; and little Tom Canterbury, owing, no doubt, to the "elasticity," appeared to be getting well all one way. Mrs. Dawkes, heart and spirits alike raised, caring not even for folly and fashion, in comparison with her darling child, gave orders that preparations should be made for removal to the Rock. If the Major was unable to leave London, he could remain behind, she obligingly told him; but Tom wanted country air, and Tom should have it.

To depart for the Rock, or to depart for Kamtschatka, would have seemed all one to the Major, provided either place would shield him and his reputation. Scarcely once during this last week had he dared to show himself out of doors. His time had been chiefly spent in writing bulletins of little Canterbury's state to sundry people interested, every one of which represented the child as "slowly going." So long as this farce could be kept up, and his enemies be deceived into believing it, he felt tolerably safe. Tolerably only; it was Major Dawkes's misfortune never to feel quite assured upon the point at any moment, night or day. But, in fact, he was so. With the prospect of Tom Canterbury's thousands and tens of thousands slipping speedily into his fingers, to be squandered as Major Dawkes knew how to squander, people considered that it lay in their interests not to proceed to extremity with him. And such an extremity!

How harshly Fate was dealing with him in thus restoring Tom to life, Major Dawkes felt to the backbone. He looked upon it as a grievous wrong; an injury done him; in the perversion of mind caused by need, he had come to regard the fortune as his by right. Did it stand to any reason that this sickly infant ought to keep him out of what would put him straight with the world, and relieve him from this horrible nightmare? Children who died were happier than children who lived; little Tom wanted to go to heaven; he was saying so continually; and heaven could not be kind when it thus renewed the lease of his poor frail life on earth. So reasoned Major Dawkes. There were moments now when he wished *he* had died in his childhood, before worry and debt had come; and in pursuing this line of argument he was honest enough.

But—*what was he to do?* Tom Canterbury's recovery could not be kept secret for ever. The period, when it must be known, was looming all too near; advancing close, even then, to his threshold. And it was bringing with it an abyss of agony and shame, than which to Major Dawkes nothing could be more terrible. It seemed that he must forfeit life, rather than meet it.

At this, the week's end, the medical men pronounced it safe for Tom to travel; Mrs. Dawkes at once fixed the following morning for their departure; and gave the Major that obliging permission to go or stay behind mentioned above. Soon after hearing it, Major Dawkes was crossing the hall, when a knock and ring startled him; startled him, as it seemed, to abject terror. His first impulse was to dart into the nearest room and bolt himself in; his next to dart out again and seize Richard's arm, who was coming along to open the door.

"Richard," he whispered—and the man

A SCENE IN YEDO, JAPAN.

The great city of Yedo is on the north-west angle of the gulf of that name.—A large stream flows through the heart of the city, which is spanned by many fine bridges. The houses and shops are very well built, the streets are wide and well kept, the temples finer far than those of China, very clean, and much visited. Many of the dwellings and temples have park-like grounds and gardens around them, like those shown in the picture. This city is much larger than New York, and is next in size to London.

stood amazed at the wild alarm, mingled with entreaty, in his master's aspect and accent—"don't open the door, for your life. Go into the area and see who it is. If it's any one for me, say I went out of town at seven this morning, and she'n't be back till—till late to-night. Swear to it, man, if they dispute your word."

Richard descended the kitchen-stairs, and his master strode up the upper ones, four at a time, stealthily, silently, like a man who is flying from danger. Up to the second-floor went he, as if the higher he went the more secure he should feel from it. Instead of entering his own room, he turned into the one opposite, the day-nursery. It opened into the little boy's bed-chamber, but the door was closed between them.

Judith stood at the round table by the fire—which Mrs. Dawkes thought well to have lighted daily, though summer weather had come in. She was measuring a dessert-spoonful of mixture from a smallish green medicine-bottle. Little Tom Canterbury was by her side, watching her.

"What's this?" asked Major Dawkes, taking up the bottle, when she had recorked it, and put it on the mantelpiece.

"I don't know, sir; I can't read writing," replied Judith, thinking the Major meant the direction, which he was looking at. If he had meant anything, it was probably the mixture; but he had spoken in total abstraction, for his mind was a chaos just then.

"The Mixture. Master Canterbury," was what was written there.

"Does he require medicine still?" exclaimed Major Dawkes. "I thought he was well."

"It's only some stuff the Doctor sends to comfort his inside, sir, which has been out of order," replied Judith. "He takes a spoonful three times a day: morning, afternoon, and before he goes to bed at night."

Major Dawkes took out the cork, smelt the mixture and tasted it, simply by way of doing something, while Tom drank up his spoonful. But, as Richard was heard coming up the stairs, the Major hastily returned the bottle to the mantelpiece, and went out to meet him.

"Was I wanted?"

"Yes, sir. The gentleman was that one who never gives his name; and I saw two men standing off, as if they belonged to him," added Richard, in a confidential tone. "They are a-waiting opposite now."

"You said I was out of town?"

"I told him I'd take a oath to it, sir, if he liked—as you desired me. And he said it would be none the nearer truth if I did."

Major Dawkes wiped his damp brow and turned into his bed-room, his perplexities were growing fast and thick. This present matter was one of simple debt; and simple debt would have been as nothing, compared to the other thing he dreaded. Exposure could not be more than a day's course off now.

"Agony, disgrace, punishment!" spoke he to his own soul, as he glanced to the future. "The abhorrence and contempt of my wife; the haughty condemnation of my brother officers; the cool scorn of the world; the hulks for me! I am in dread danger of it all; and only because the weak thread of a wretched child's life is not broken! Why could he not have died? It was but the hesitation of the balance; a turn the other way, and—we should both have been the better. There has been a devil abroad since that night, ever at my elbow, whispering temptation."

Even so. And the devil had never stood closer to Major Dawkes than in this self-same moment. To give him his due, he struggled against the fiend as well as he knew how.

The Major did not go out that day; he did not dare to; what was to become of him on the next—and the next—and the next, he shuddered to contemplate. He dined at home with his wife at six o'clock, in her dressing-room. She felt very unwell, and had been lying there on the sofa all the afternoon.

"It is the fatigue of nursing Tom," said the Major. "I knew it would bring its reaction."

"It is nothing of the sort," retorted Mrs. Dawkes. "I have taken a violent cold, or else caught Tom's complaint, for my chest feels sore. Country air will set both me and Tom to rights. We start in the morning. Do you intend to go with us?"

"I—I don't think I can," replied the miserable Major.

He quitted the room after dinner; and went prowling about the house like a restless spirit, not venturing to go out before dusk. Mrs. Dawkes lay down on the sofa again and rang for her boy. Judith brought him, and her mistress began talking about the arrangements for the morning.

"The carriage will be at the door before half-past nine, you know, Judith."

"Yes, ma'am; I shall be quite ready. What about Master Tom's physic?" added Judith. "Had he better take it in the morning, ma'am?—there'll be just one dose left."

"No, I think not. To-night he must."

"Oh yes, I shall give it him as soon as he is undressed," said Judith, "and that won't be long first; it's ever so much after seven. I think he had better come now, ma'am, that he may have a good long night's rest. Master Tom, won't you say good-night to your mamma?"

Of course it was right that the boy, still so weak and delicate, should have a good night's rest to fortify him for the morrow's journey. Mrs. Dawkes strained the child to her; and the child's little arms strained her. It was a long and close embrace, and he cried when he was taken from her: which was somewhat remarkable, as it was not a usual thing for him to do.

"God bless you, my darling! We shall both get well at the Rock."

Mrs. Dawkes, left alone, drank a cup of tea brought by her maid, Fry, and then went into her bed-room to prepare for rest. She was irritable and impatient; so much so, that the maid asked whether she felt worse.

"Oh, I don't know!" was the querulous answer. "Since I drank that cup of hot tea, my tooth has begun to ache again. It is enough to distract me."

"I would have it out, ma'am, if I were you," cried Fry. "It's always a-distracting of you."

"Have it out! have out a tooth at my age!" echoed Mrs. Dawkes, "I'd rather suffer martyrdom. Be quick over my hair, and don't say such things to provoke me."

So Fry went on with her duties, and her mistress went on groaning, and holding one side of her face.

"Perhaps, ma'am, if you were to put a little brandy to it, it might ease you," Fry ventured to say again. "Some cotton steeped in brandy, and put into the tooth, has cured many a toothache. Laudanum's best—but I suppose there's none in the house."

"It would do me no good," fretfully answered Mrs. Dawkes.

Fry left her mistress to rest. But there was no sleep for Mrs. Dawkes; the pain of her tooth prevented it. She tossed and turned from side to side, five minutes seeming to her like an hour.

But now it happened that there was some laudanum in the house, at any rate, some preparation of opium, though the maid had been unconscious of it. It had been brought in for some purpose several weeks before, and had stood ever since in the Major's dressing-room. Mrs. Dawkes, in a moment of desperation, rose from her bed, resolved to try it. Her own dressing-room opened on one side the bedchamber, the Major's on the other; and she snatched the night-light which was burning—for Fry had closed the shutters to shut out all the remains of day-light—and went into the latter.

It was a very small place, little better than a closet, and had no egress save through the bedchamber. Her own dressing-room was large, and had two entrances. Over the Major's washhand-stand was a narrow slab of white marble, and on that had stood the bottle required by Mrs. Dawkes. His tooth-powder-box and shaving-tackle usually stood there; but since he had occupied the room up-stairs, they had been removed, with other things pertaining to him, the unused laudanum-bottle having alone been left.

Mrs. Dawkes went to the slab, and stretched forth her hand to take the bottle. Most exceedingly astonished was she to find that no bottle was there. The slab stood perfectly empty.

"Why, what can have gone with it?" she exclaimed aloud. "The bottle is always there; I saw it there this very day. And the servants do not come in here since the room has been unused."

She looked about with the light, but could see nothing of it—the shelves and places were bare. Exceedingly cross, she returned to her bedroom, steeped a bit of cottonwool in some spirits of camphor, put that to her tooth, and lay down again. The pain subsided at once, and she was dozing off to sleep, when some one came cautiously into the room from the passage-entrance. Mrs. Dawkes pulled aside the curtain, and saw her husband. He started back.

"Is it you?" she exclaimed.

"What brings you in bed now?" cried the Major, looking still like a man startled.

"I could not sit up. I wish you'd not come disturbing me. Is it late or early?"

"It is not yet nine."

He went into his dressing-room as he answered, but came out again immediately, and stayed to speak.

"Caroline, I am going down to Kage about the matter we talked of the other day—to see if he won't help me. He ought, and he must."

"It will be of no use."

"At any rate, I shall try. I really want help very badly. Have you any message for him?"

"None," she answered, drowsily. "I don't care to talk; it may set my tooth on to ache again."

"Well, good-night; but I am sorry to have disturbed you. I shall see you in the morning."

The Major descended the stairs. Calling up Richard, he gave him sundry commissions and injunctions; and then went out, peering into the dusk to see that the coast was clear. Bolting round the corner and into a hansom, he ordered it to Mr. Kage's house. There he learnt that the barrister was not expected until late, and would probably be found at his chambers. The hansom dashed down to the Temple.

Mr. Kage was at work late. Rather surprised felt he to see his visitor; much more surprised to hear what he had come for.

Why, what amount of impudence must the man possess, thus to persist in this annoyance! He had come to press for that loan again; and sat down and did it. Mr. Kage may be forgiven if he answered, sharply.

"Thomas Canterbury's money!" echoed the Major, in reply to some words. "You speak as though I asked for all his coffers, and the Rock into the bargain. I only wish to borrow a very trifling portion of it—three or four thousand pounds."

"The sum, more or less, is not of any consequence; but Mrs. Dawkes mentioned twelve thousand," spoke Thomas Kage, stiffly.

"Mrs. Dawkes must have mistaken what I said I should like, for what I said I wanted. From three to four thousand pounds will be sufficient."

"Were it but three thousand pence, it would be all the same. I am surprised at you, Major Dawkes. Permit me to say that no gentleman would persist in these applications, in the teeth of my refusal and its reasons."

"I shall pay you back, long before little Canterbury is of age. Kage, my good fellow," added the Major, wiping the perspiration from his brow—and, indeed, he had done little else since entering, for he seemed full of agitation—"consider the strait I am in. If I can't get money, and don't get money, there'll be nothing for it but—but—the Insolvent Court. Mrs. Dawkes would never hold up her head again."

A half-contemptuous smile crossed the barrister's lips. He peremptorily declined farther appeal on the subject.

"Were the money my own, you should have had it before now," said he finally; "but my trusteeship I will hold inviolate."

"Then to-morrow morning I must see about filing my petition," gloomily responded the Major.

"Quite the best thing you can do," said Mr. Kage.

"Your cousin, Mrs. Dawkes, will have you to thank for it."

No reply to this. The Major moved to the door as slow as a bear. Mr. Kage took the lamp to light him down-stairs.

"I suppose Tom is all right again—getting stronger daily?" he observed, stretching the light out beyond the railings.

"Oh, he is quite well; he wants nothing now but change of air. His mother takes him to the Rock to-morrow. Good-night to you."

The Major vaulted into the handsom that had waited for him, and was driven off. Having been immured in-doors for days, he thought he needed some indemnifying recreation, and intended to "make a night of it."

The morning dawned brightly. At seven o'clock Fry was in her mistress's room, according to orders. Mrs. Dawkes didn't like getting up at seven any more than do other people who are accustomed to lie late abed; but her child's welfare just now was paramount, and she was determined the journey should not be deferred through delay on her part, or on that of the household. She was gracious this morning, telling Fry that her toothache was gone, and she felt stronger altogether.

"Now, Fry, is everything ready?" she asked, while she dressed.

"*Quite* ready, ma'am," emphatically responded Fry; "leastways all that lies in my department to get ready. I am only too glad to be off to Chilling myself, ma'am. It seems an age since I saw my relations there. I'd like to see my poor old mistress, too."

Did Caroline Dawkes take that last sentence as a reproach to herself? It was not meant as such. She rejoined, rather peevishly,

"In the sad state poor mamma lies, it is so very distressing to see her, you know, Fry. I am sure I did not get over the pain for days, when I left her last. It is not good for her to see me either. It excites her; the doctor says so."

"Very true, ma'am," acquiesced Fry.

"Is the Major going with us or not, do you know?" resumed Mrs. Dawkes.

"I fancy not, ma'am. I don't think Richard has got any orders about packing."

"That tells nothing. A gentleman's things can be put together in five minutes. The Major must be called, Fry."

"The Major did not sleep at home, ma'am."

"Not sleep at home!"

"And he is not come in yet," added Fry, who was no particular friend to the Major, and had not the least objection to put in a word against him, if opportunity offered.

"How do you know he did not sleep at home?"

"Because, ma'am, his room is just in the state it was last night when the housemaid left it ready for him, with the door stark staring open."

Mrs. Dawkes, albeit caring very little for the Major, was no better pleased than are other wives when told their husbands have not slept at home, and continued to dress in silence. Presently she sent Fry to see whether the nurse was getting up. Certain though she felt of the fact, it was as well to be on the safe side, and ascertain it. Judith had passed many nights of late in watching, and sleep might be reasserting its claims. While Fry was absent, she threw a warm wrapper over her petticoats, and went into the Major's dressing-room to ring the bell there, knowing that it would bring up Richard. An unexpected object met her eyes.

Great as had been Mrs. Dawkes's surprise the previous night to find the laudanum-bottle absent from the slab, far, far greater was her present surprise to see it on it, in the exact place it had always occupied, as if it had never been touched. Mrs. Dawkes mechanically took it in her hand: it was the veritable bottle, labelled as usual, "Tincture of Opium. Major Dawkes."

Had she only dreamt that she came to look for it?—the question really occurred to her. None of the servants had been through her room in the night. But on her own dressing-table lay the cotton and the phial of camphorated spirit, to prove that it was no dream.

"Judith has been up ever so long, ma'am, and she's soon going to dress Master Tom," said Fry, coming back. "There's Richard standing outside, saying the Major's bell rang. I tell him his ears must have heard double."

Mrs. Dawkes went to the door. What she wanted with Richard was, to ask whether his master had said where he was going. Richard replied in the negative: he had supposed his master was coming home to sleep as usual. Mrs. Dawkes went back to her dressing-table, and sat down for Fry to begin her hair.

Directly afterwards the Major came in, laughing gayly. He seemed determined to put a light face on the absence. His wife kept her head fixed under Fry's hands, looking neither to the right nor left, not condescending to notice him in any way whatsoever.

"Did you think I had taken flight, Caroline? After leaving Kage, I went up to Briscoe's rooms. We got to cards; and, upon my word, the time passed so unconsciously, and it grew so late, that he gave me a bed. I feared I might disturb you, coming in between two and three o'clock."

Caroline did not see the point of the speech. All an excuse, thought she. Three o'clock was no absolutely unusual hour for the Major to come in at; and as for disturbing her, it was not her room he had to come to.

"Very accommodating of Captain Briscoe to keep beds ready made up for his friends," she coldly remarked.

"And that was a sofa," laughed the Major. "You will have a splendid day for your journey. The wind is in its softest quarter for Tom."

"You don't go with us, then?"

"I wish I could. I daresay I shall follow you within the week."

"O, do you!" cried Mrs. Dawkes, her temper a little ruffled. "Just as you please."

Major Dawkes stood for a moment, watching the process of hair-dressing. Caroline fancied he must want something, but would not ask.

"What of Mr. Kage? Did you see him?"

"I saw him. Had to go down to his chambers. He is a regular *rat*, Caroline; he will do nothing."

"I told you he would not," she gravely rejoined; "and he is quite right not to do it. As to a rat—if all people were as little like one, the world might be more comfortable."

"Is that a slash at me?" asked Major Dawkes, smiling gayly, and seeming fully determined not to be put out. "I and Kage never could hit it off well together, you know, Caroline; therefore it was hardly likely he would go out of his way to do me a service. Perhaps I may get what I want through Briscoe. He—"

"Whatever is the matter?"

The interruption came from Fry, who at that moment was facing the door. The nurse, Judith, had stolen quietly inside the room, and was standing there with clasped hands, and face wild and white. Major and Mrs. Dawkes turned round.

"What do you want, Judith?" inquired her mistress.

"I got up at six, ma'am," began Judith, "and when I had dressed myself, I put up the things I had left last night, thinking I'd let the child sleep as long as I could. I said to myself, what a long night's rest he was having; what a beautiful sleep! And I—I—went to take him up now; and I—sir—ma'am, I can't awaken him."

She had spoken just as she looked, in a wild, bewildered sort of manner; and she appeared to shake all over.

"It is the remains of his illness," remarked Mrs. Dawkes; but she gazed hard at Judith, thinking her manner, and her coming at all, very strange. "Children are sure to sleep well after an illness. Take him gently up; he will awake as you dress him."

"But I can't take him up, ma'am," returned the trembling Judith. "He—he—won't awake."

Fry stared at her with open mouth, in private persuasion that she had lost her senses.

"Will you please to come and see, sir?" added Judith, addressing her master.

"Nonsense, Judith girl; why should I come?" demanded the Major. "Surely you don't want my help to arouse a sleeping child! Take him up yourself, as your mistress says. Splash a handful of cold water in his face; that will wake him soon enough."

"Oh, sir, come!" pleaded Judith. "Please come.—Not you, ma'am."

The Major quitted the room in answer to the appeal. No sooner had he got out than Judith, shutting the door, seized upon his arm, and spoke in a whisper:

"Sir, I think he's dead."

"What?" retorted the Major, as if angry at her folly.

"It is so, sir, if ever I saw death yet. I did not dare to speak before my mistress. He is stiff and cold."

Major Dawkes pushed her aside with his elbow, and ascended the stairs, Judith at his heels. There was a noise behind, and they turned to look: Mrs. Dawkes and Fry were following them up.

"She had better not come in, sir," whispered Judith. "It may be too much for her."

The Major went back to stop his wife. Judith stood at the room door. It was of no use. Caroline broke away from the detaining hand, and went resolutely onwards.

Thomas Canterbury was lying in his little bed, shaded by the purple-silk hangings, cold, white—and dead. The shell, with the angels carrying the child to heaven, was clasped in his hand. The angels had been down now to carry him.

"He must have died in a fit," cried Fry.

And Mrs. Dawkes fell across the bed with a low cry of piteous anguish.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CARRIER DOVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Outstrip the winds, my courier dove,
On pinions fleet and free;
And bear this letter to my love,
Who's far away from me.

It bids him mark thy plume, whereon
The varying colors range;
And warns him that my peace must die,
If he should also change.

It tells him, thou returnest again
To her who set thee free;
And oh! it asks the truant when
He'll thus resemble thee. R. N.

Arsenic Eaters.

So it is true that there are people in Styria who eat arsenic as the Asiatic eats opium, or the European chews tobacco—as a matter of taste. Travellers had asserted the fact, though the learned denied it, declaring that the white substance taken for arsenic must have been some harmless mineral like chalk. But an official inquiry has been instituted, and seventeen Styrian physicians have reported upon the matter; and there is no doubt about the travellers' stories. There are people who take doses varying from pellets, the size of a millet, to pills the size of a pea, of various kinds of arsenic, the favorite being the white quality, known as ratsbane. They will take it daily, or on alternate days, or twice a week, according to circumstances; generally they abstain from the luxury at the time of new moon, beginning small doses with the young moon, and increasing them to a maximum by full moon. Why this lunar observance it is hard to guess, unless, as they profess, that the arsenic makes them strong and healthy, they fancy that the waxing moon weakens them and renders the greater proportion of the restorative necessary. The habit is most commonly found among the lower orders; and it begins to attack the youth at about the same time as the tobacco taste affects our youngsters. Some few females are fond of ratsbane, but its patrons are mostly of the harder sex. The regular consumers live to good ages, and are strong, healthy, and courageous. So we have a proof that what is one man's poison is another man's food.—*Gentlemen's Magazine.*

An Interesting Occasion.

On the fiftieth anniversary of her birthday, the 15th of February, Miss Susan B. Anthony had a "donation party" at New York, in the office of The Revolution. The N. Y. World thus alludes to the interesting occasion:—

"The clock," it has been said, "marks the interval from hour to hour; but no hammer on the horologe of time peals out the change from era to era." Nevertheless, there are certain solemn and affecting landmarks in history, as in space, to arrest for moments the attention of men. The 15th of August last year was the centenary of Napoleon. The 15th of August next year will be the centenary of Sir Walter Scott. There is a felicity in the intercalation between these two famous dates of the semi-centenary of Susan B. Anthony. She has something in common with both these famous men. Napoleon was the armed soldier of democracy. Sir Walter wrote fiction. Miss Anthony's battles have been bloodless, albeit not windless, and her sole and sufficient panoply is in the terrors of her front and the justice of her cause. But if she has not written professed fiction, her admirers may justly claim for her that she has idealized fact. It was the boast of Bonaparte that he could carry on war when his treasury was empty and his army devoid even of stockings. Miss Anthony has never suffered this latter privation. The stockings—that blue, that familiar, that well-worn pair—have been always with her, and have been to her party as was the white rose to the house of York and the red rose to the house of Lancaster—for a badge as well as for a decoration. But she has carried on more campaigns upon less capital than ever did Napoleon or any other commander of whom record has been preserved. She mounted her hobby when it was, so to speak, but a wild ass's colt, cropping grasses from the green wildernesses of the general female mind; and she has ridden it far and fast, without rest and with infrequent forage, until it now has became a gaunt and spavined spectre, fit to frighten the souls of men. And now she pauses under the palm-trees of Twenty-third street, and invites us to pay tribute to her persistence and to bait her beast.

The advance of age upon her who was already and from her youth up venerable by her austere virtue, is only an additional reason for liberality. And that she deserves well of her country, her efforts in behalf of the sex which preponderates in it show. That sex, indeed, owes her a debt of gratitude which it is to be feared that it will never pay. She has not only wrought and written to deliver its members from the oppression of centuries, but she has discovered to them that that oppression existed. To form a party for the redress of flagrant grievances is an easy matter. But for Miss Anthony was reserved a more arduous task. It is not so easy to foment rebellion and educe clamor from half the human race, whose grievances are not even sensible to themselves until an Anthony arises to point them out. That she has accomplished this task is her high and peculiar praise. And the unselfishness of her labors is as notable as their energy. She has waged war in behalf of her unhappy sisters against the conjugal tyranny of which she, a celibate, had never felt the yoke. Luther attacked the celibacy of the priesthood. But Luther married a nun, and his critics would not thenceforth be persuaded that he was not therein pleading his own cause rather than the cause of abstract justice. But Miss Anthony is greater than Luther. Miss Anthony attacked an abuse from which she had never suffered—and from which, so long as it shall take two to make a bargain, she can never suffer—and awakened the attention of the wives of America to wrongs which they knew not, until she told them, that they endured. She fought the battle of married women for legal equality with the hateful race of men, when she already enjoyed that equality.

Let us, then, bring succor to Susan and forward the Revolution. Let the men of America elevate their vision beyond the narrow needs of their own gender and contribute their money. Let the women of America make haste to bring their cake, their work in worsted, their pickles, and their "cold chickens, boiled preferred." And, in short, and the language of the Laureate, Let the land whose hearthe she saved from shame attest their dread commander's claim, their ever-loyal iron leader's fame, with honor, honor, honor, honor to her—eternal honor to her name.

Agricultural Statistics.

The returns to the Statistical Division of the Department of Agriculture, during the month of January, indicate a decrease in the average of winter wheat in the states of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, New York, in those of New England and of the cotton belt. The decrease in Illinois is placed at eight per cent.; in Michigan, six per cent.; in Indiana and in New York, five per cent. So far as returns have been received, the area in California is nearly the same as of last year, and but little difference is reported from Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Missouri. Kansas has increased her acreage very largely, and Arkansas, Kentucky, and West Virginia, report a material increase.

The average of other winter grains appear to have been reduced slightly. The reports of the condition of winter wheat are not generally favorable in the Ohio valley. The reduction below an average appearance at this period of the year ranges from six to twenty per cent. In Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, Texas, and California, an average condition is indicated. In most of the remaining states the appearance of the plant is comparatively unpromising. The probabilities at present are opposed to the prospect of another year of marked productiveness.

An increased average of barley is reported from Kentucky, Missouri, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Kansas. Its condition is little better than that of wheat throughout the Ohio Valley and the North-West. The reduction is represented to be 13 per cent. in Missouri, 9 in Indiana, 8 in Illinois, 7 in Ohio, and 5 in Michigan.

☞ A lady asked her gardener why the weeds always outgrew and covered up the flowers. "Madam," answered he, "the soil is mother of the weeds, but only step-mother of the flowers."

☞ A Wisconsin firm is making 1,000 pounds of sugar a day from a farm of eighty acres of beets.

☞ A New Orleans bigamist makes defence that he married his second wife in a fit of insanity. His first wife is very mad too.

THE BABY TOWER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In THE POST of February 5th, is a picture entitled "A Baby Tomb in China," representing Chinese mothers putting their live female children into a "whited sepulchre." A truly horrible representation, and one that does great injustice to Chinese mothers.

"Can any of our readers inform us as to the facts of the case?" was a question accompanying the illustration. I believe that I can, and would have replied immediately, had not the pressure of other duties prevented.

I have a couple of friends, a clergyman and his wife, who were for twelve years missionaries in China—the most of that time in Shanghae. They visited us five years ago, just after their return from China. From them I learned many curious facts concerning the people of the "Celestial Empire."

"I have been told that the Chinese sometimes kill their female children. How is it?" said I to Mrs. C——.

"There has been much said against them that is not true," she replied. "They do sometimes, when a female child is born, lay it one side for a time—then, if it dies, they throw it into the 'baby tower.' There was one in the native cemetery near our house. It was not an uncommon thing to see a Chinaman throwing the dead body of a new-born infant into this tower."

These are the "facts of the case." The Chinese, you will see, have not become skilled in the art so well understood in Christian America, of destroying the innocents before they are brought into the world

Heathen China shall come into judgment with Christian America, and shall condemn her.

WARE.

Slang Words Once Respectable.

Such words as *rile*, *slick*, *splurge*, *squelch*, *kill*, and others, were shown in an article in Blackwood, on "Inroads upon English," to be seriously used by the best old English authors. In Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," we read:

"Like voices in a *swound*."

Bacon refers to a man's jaws as his *gills;* and the Roman Catholic books of service still say that Christ descended "into limbo." To speak of a "crack team," or to use "absquatulate" in the sense of leave, or "bone" in the sense of steal, were all quite proper once in England. "Skedaddle"—by-the-way, a somewhat more expressive word than absquatulate—has been shown to be from the Greek word *skedannumi*, which occurs in Thucydides and Herodotus almost synonymously with our slang word. The root is *skeda*, to which add the termination *die*, doubling the *d* as required by analogy, to form skedaddle. The Swedes have the word *skuddadahl*, the Danes *skyededhi*, with the same sense, and the ancient Irish use the words *sgedad oi* in the sense of scattered all. It has been suggested that some Irishman used this phrase at Bull Run, and that it was adopted by the soldiers. In an old version of the Irish New Testament, the words are used as follows: "For it is written, I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be *sgedad oi*."

The word "lark" in the sense of spree, as used in Randall's slang "Diary"—

"In search of *lark*, or some delicious gig,
The mind delights on when 'tis in prime twig"—

is said by Latham to be from the Scandinavian *leik*, *lak*, a game, a sport. Probably there are a great many people who do not know that the following sentence is found in our present translation of the Bible, Job xix. 20: "My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh, and I am escaped with *the skin of my teeth*."

Many hundreds of years ago, an Eastern prince was asked, "Where are the fortifications of your city?" Pointing to the soldier, he said, "Every man you see there is a *brick*."

"Ax," for ask, is a vile vulgarism now, but more closely resembles the Saxon *acsian* than ask. In a letter to Henry VIII., Margaret, Countess of Richmond, his mother, says, "As hearty blessings as you can *acse* of God;" and the word was frequently used.

The tendency of words seems to be to deteriorate in meaning. Some military terms, it is true, have come into more dignified use—as cavalry, which was first nothing but a pack-horse, from the Latin *caballus*, and marshal, which first meant an humble servant, the German *schalk*, attending on a mare, becoming the *mareschalk*, and finally the marshal. But an imp was once merely an offspring or child. Bacon, in his "Pathway unto Prayer," says: "Let us pray for the preservation of the king's most excellent majesty, and for the prosperous success of his entirely beloved son Edward, our prince, that most angelic *imp*." "Brat" was used quite as seriously, and is quite as good a sense. An old hymn by Gascoine has the lines:

"O Israel, O household of the Lord,
O Abraham's *brats*, O brood of blessed seed,
O chosen sheep that love the Lord indeed!"

A varlet was once as good a man as a valet A wretch was a person who might be quite lovable and admirable. A villain was merely a boodman, or one who held lands and tenements in villenage; and a knave was merely a servant, and a very respectable servant indeed, for in an early version of the New Testament it is written: "Paul, a *knave* of Jesus Christ," and in Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar" we read, "Gentle *knave*, good-night!" It is also found in the Waverley novels. The knave of a pack of cards was only the king's servant, and is not a bad fellow, as those accustomed to play euchre are well aware. Examples of this kind have been noticed in great numbers, and are only mentioned here as a further instance of the abuse to which many words of respectable lineage have been subjected.

☞ MERIT.—Men are often treated like barrels—the empty ones made to stand up, the full ones laid down.—*Jean Paul.*

☞ By doing good with his money, a man, as it were, stamps the image of God upon it, and it passes current as the merchandise of Heaven.

☞ The gravest events dawn with no more noise than the morning star makes in rising.

☞ The prices talked of for ice next season have produced a sensible coolness everywhere.

☞ The New York Mail thinks Victor Hugo is rapidly becoming the French G. F. Train.

RIDICULOSITY.

Senator Sumner recently startled the Senate by using the word "Ridiculosity." A writer in the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette thus comments:

Slowly rolled forth the novel sound—
"Ridiculosity,"
From out the classic mouth of great
"Preponderosity,"
And through the Senatorial hall
With great velocity
Echoed from mouth to mouth the word
"Ridiculosity!"
Sure Worcester never dared to write
"Ridiculosity;"
Nor Webster, either, murmured they,
With grim ferocity,
Is there of terms gigantic then
So great a paucity
That we must coin this fearful one—
"Ridiculosity?"

Food Follies.

Multitudes eat their bread fresh from the oven, instead of storing it a day or two and suffering it to ripen. Swallowed in the form of tough paste, it baffles both saliva and gastric fluid; and sooner or later is the parent of a thousand dyspeptic pangs.

Innumerable lectures and treatises should have had the effect, long ago, to inform the public mind that old bread is more nutritious, wholesome, and to a well regulated appetite, palatable. A distinguished American, who was spending some months in Berlin, stepped into a bakery, and asked for bread. "We have none," was the reply. "You do not understand me," persisted the customer. "I want a loaf of bread," pointing to the huge piles displayed on the shelves. "Oh, that is just baked," answered the dealer, "and is not for sale." The paternal Prussian Government compels bakers to keep their stock on hand at least one day before selling. Perhaps if Frederick William had charge of our ovens, we should need fewer pills and have more color in our cheeks. I lately heard two men apply to a baker for hot bread. They were told that it would be out of the oven in about five minutes. They sat down and waited for their crude supper: while before their eyes and so much more to be desired, were the loaves of yesterday.

We, as a nation, will make our bread, too, from the impalpable dust of wheat, thrice bolted, bolted to death. The life having been crushed out, the best part of the food must be sifted out, or we will not touch it. We carefully reject that portion of the grain from which the enamel of our teeth is made, and expect Nature to make bricks without straw. But she does not; and our wretched teeth, friable and chalky, must be dug out before we reach middle age, and replaced with porcelain. Nowhere else do men live so exclusively upon flour from which the delicious particles have been expelled; and, as a consequence, foreigners wonder at our great army of dentists—one or two in every hamlet—relieving the aches that arise from our "double extra superfine," and filling our offending mouths with gold and pottery-ware. The horses eat our enamel, and from want of the mechanical aid offered by innutritious food our own digestion suffers.

A Question in Arithmetic.

A New England lecturer on "Arithmetic" submitted to a large audience, including nearly 100 public school teachers, the following proposition—and out of 75 answers received, but 3 were found to be correct:—

Proposition.—A Liquor Agent of a New England town held the office for one year, at the close of which he gave the following statement of his accounts, viz:

Amount of cash received upon assuming the office	$ 32 17
Value of liquor received at same time	57 54
Cash received for sales of liquor during the year	102 97
Amount paid for liquor bought during the year	59 91
Amount of salary of Agent	25 00
Value of liquor on hand at the end of the year	31 37

Does the Agent owe the town or does the town owe the Agent? and how much?

☞ A Memphis paper tells this anecdote: An anxious-looking chap wandered into the Mayor's office the other day, and asked permission to look at the book in which the names of candidates for office are entered. The clerk blandly asked, "What office are you running for, sir?" To which the other replied, "Wall, I dunno; thought I'd look over and go for any vacancy that might turn up. I'm beastly fond of orfis." It is the condition of a good many people nowadays.

☞ Burke never did himself justice as a speaker; his manner was hurried, and he always seemed to be in a passion.—*Samuel Rogers.*

☞ HUMOR.—A dash of humor is never so pleasing as when it occurs in the midst of a serious strain, as the green spots scattered on the Alps delight the eye from their contrast with the snow around.—*Jean Paul.*

☞ Florida has a total valuation of property of $25,000,000, yet the State Legislature has just passed a bill allowing a railway to create a loan on the state credit of over $8,000,000 in gold. "Go it, ye cripples!"

☞ INQUISITION.—On the walls of the old Inquisition chambers at Avignon, the parable of the Good Samaritan was painted. —*Dickens.*

☞ A disgusted woman in Iowa, sued for a divorce because her husband had given her during four years of married life, only one present—a coral necklace.

☞ After all, there is not much difference between the followers and the opponents of Dr. Jenner. The one are Vaccinators and the others are Vaccine-haters.

☞ It is well known that when the color on a fabric has been destroyed by acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize the same. But it is not so well known that after the application of ammonia, chloroform will, in almost all cases, restore the original color. Chloroform will also remove paint from a garment when almost every thing else fails.

☞ The Belgians do not put their sovereign's head on their postage stamps, to be soiled and defaced by passing through many, and often unclean hands; they think it disloyal so to do, and substitute the face of the Minister of Public Works, for whom they have less reverence.

☞ RECTITUDE.—"It is more desirable to be miserable by acting according to reason than to be happy in going against it." So said Epicurus, a sage who is much belied by those who know nothing about him.

Profanity Abroad.

To an American, the frequent and apparently irreverent use made of God's name in Continental European countries, is at first something extremely unpleasant, to speak in the mildest terms of this useless and deprecable habit. But it is surprising how speedily one's ears become accustomed to the sound, and how unwittingly we ourselves acquire the practice. The worst feature, however, of this irreverence is, that the men are not the only ones who interlard their ordinary conversation with frequent appeals to the Divinity. Women and children do the same, and do it so unaffectedly, so naively, that you are rather led to smile than scowl. An American lady arriving in Germany, and, not liking the German style of cooking, engaged a cook with the intention of having her food prepared in a manner more pleasing to her palate. The lady herself spoke no German, and was obliged to summon her daughter whenever the services of an interpreter were needed. A few days after the new cook had been installed, the mother despatched her daughter to the kitchen to inquire "whether the cook had put on the potatoes." After the lapse of a few moments, the child returned with no inconsiderable astonishment depicted upon her face.

"Well, my child," said her mother, "what did the cook say?"

"Why, mother, she swore fearfully."

"Swore?"

"Yes, mother, and she wasn't the least bit angry, for she was laughing all the while."

"Well," questioned the mother, "what did she say?"

"Say? she said, 'O Thou great God, of course I have, miss.'"

It would be no easy task to name a country where they ring more changes upon the name of the Divinity than they do in Germany. It is either *O Gott* (O God), *mein Gott* (my God), *Herr Gott* (Lord God), *grosser Gott* (great God), *Du lieber Gott* (Thou dear God), *Almachtiger Gott* (Almighty God), or *Gott* (God), without any qualifying word. At times, the name of Jesus is preferred, and then we hear such expressions as *Herr Jesus* (Lord Jesus), or simply *Herr Je*, with the last syllable omitted, apparently a softening down of the full expression. It is no unusual thing to hear a child call out to its playmate: "Oh, God! don't bother me."

We find this same profanity in existence among the French, and that Englishman, who, upon landing at Calais, made the astounding discovery that even "the little children spoke French with purity," might have justly added, "and used irreverent language too." In France, the expressions *Dieu*, *mon Dieu*, *bon Dieu*, *grand Dieu*, have about the same force as our "Goodness gracious."

Sleep and Grow Fat.

It has been said all the flesh and all the fat we ever gain is accomplished during sleep. There is, no doubt, some truth in this remark. The infant is usually fat, and he sleeps the greater part of the time. The fat person, also, sleeps very much. Old persons sleep but little, and when this season comes, as it does with by far the larger part, they begin to lose the rotundity of body which characterized them at middle life, and, as the common expression is, "dry up." This is not the case where such persons sleep as well as they did when they were younger.

The conclusion, then, to be drawn from these facts, is, if any desire to lose fat, and become thin, they must sleep but little. This will reduce obesity faster than any other means can.

The best remedy for obesity is, keep cool by day and night, sleep little, moderate indulgence in eating and drinking, and plenty of exercise. Whoever will observe these rules will not be likely to become too fat. Some kinds of food produce more fat than others; nothing is more fattening than Indian meal. The old way of fattening a goose, so tasty to epicures, was to tie its legs, put it in the chimney-corner, and cram it with Indian meal. The same process will fatten a human goose—keep still, keep warm, sleep most of the time, and live on hasty pudding.

☞ Equal rights have assumed an alarming feature in Washington. Roughs invade receptions and devour the dainties provided for invited guests.

☞ The Missouri Legislature is about to erect a monument to General Lyon.

☞ "How does a man live on his money?" said a speaker at a late labor reform meeting. "He don't live on it. He lives on your labor and mine." Not a bit of it. He lives on the accumulated product of his own labor. One man makes bread and cheese enough for one day and eats it. Another makes enough for three days, and for two days remains idle and munches at his ease. He "lives on his money."—*World.*

☞ Agassiz is suffering from nervous prostration to such an extent that his physicians have enjoined entire abandonment of intellectual labor for a long time to come.

☞ A "Byron Banquet" will be given in New York on the 25th of April, the anniversary of the poet's voluntary exile from England. Mrs. Beecher Stowe is set down as one of the regular toasts of the evening—probably to be done very brown.

☞ Garibaldi's new work is described as being "one long, bitter, furious attack on priests and priestcraft."

☞ In an article on Mental Treatment of the Sick, in the February number of Good Health, we find this:—"Women who are a little over-tired (just because their lives are a little over-full of unselfish cares and duties, and because too many others depend upon them) are very subject to fancy, in the reaction of fatigue, that their lives are of no value, and that they are not wanted by any one on the earth. The remedy is to tell the patient that, as she lies there, weak, tired, prostrate, and useless, that some one wants her for very love of her and cannot live without her.

☞ The Boston Advertiser, speaking of the tax on American book-making, says that there are internal taxes on every stage of the manufacture, and at every transfer, till it is estimated that when an American book reaches its readers it has paid an average of forty imposts.

☞ Alabama is afflicted with a bad spell—the negro clerk of the Senate got five hundred errors in spelling into one bill the other day. And the majority of the Legislature of South Carolina, it is said, can neither read nor write.

☞ The introduction of a female firm among the brokers, says the Evening Post, necessitates an addition to the zoological nomenclature of Wall street; to the bulls and bears we must now add the dears.

☞ EARTHQUAKE IN CALIFORNIA.—A sharp shock of earthquake occurred at San Francisco on Thursday, the 17th, at thirteen minutes past noon. Its general direction was from south-east to north-west. There was a general panic throughout the city, and people rushed into the streets, but no damage is reported except the reopening of cracks in buildings caused by former earthquakes. The shock was felt at Sacramento and other places in the interior of the state.

☞ The recent decision of the Supreme Court relative to the Legal Tender Act, was that, so far as the law attempts to provide a legal tender for the payment of debts existing before its passage in 1862, it is unconstitutional, and all debts existing when those acts were passed must be paid in gold and silver. It decides nothing with reference to contracts made after the passage of the law.

☞ A song that is just now very popular in London has the following chorus:—

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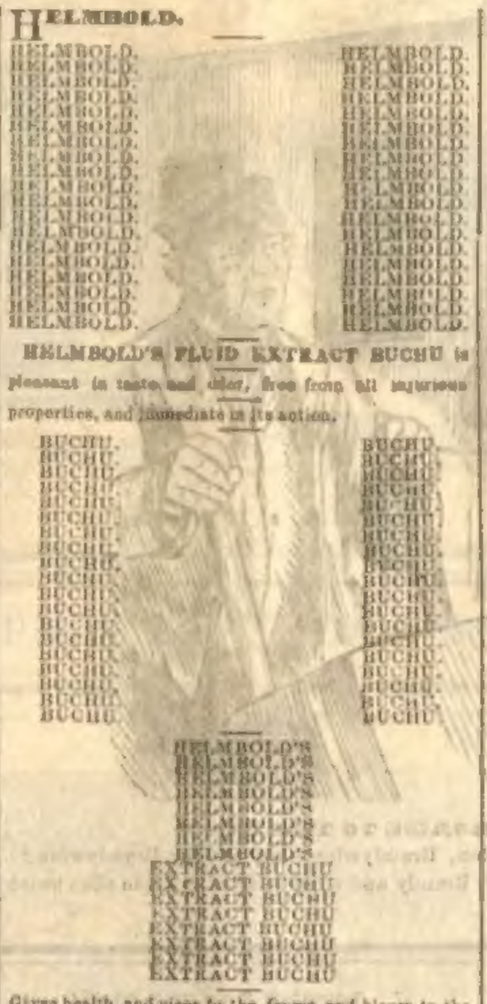

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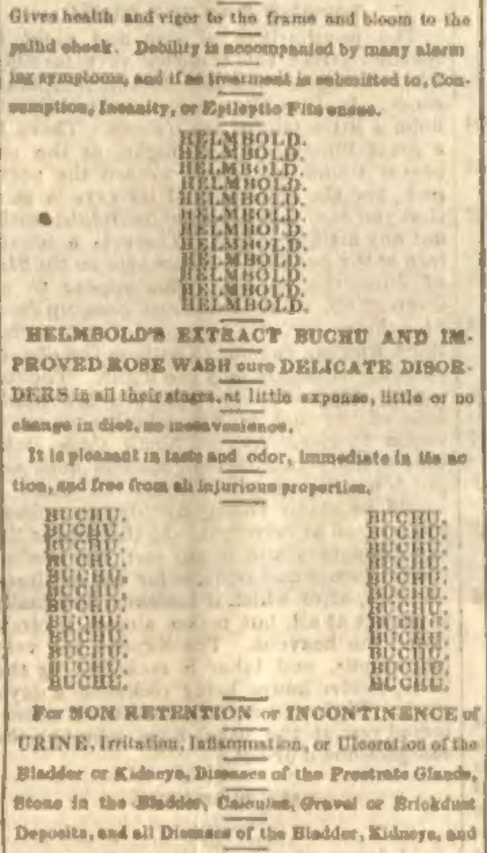

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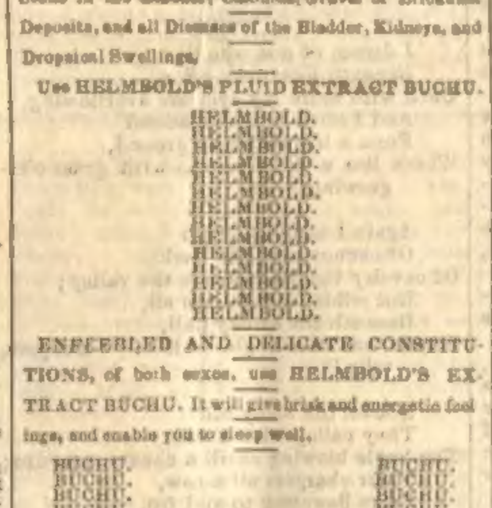

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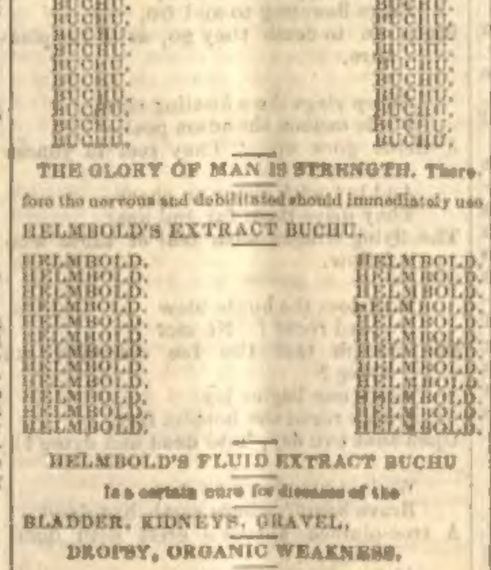

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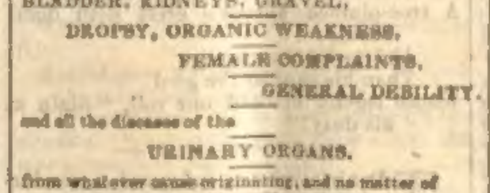

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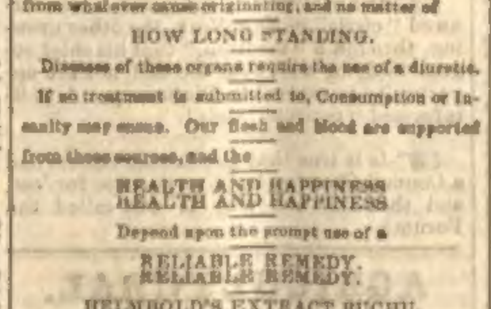

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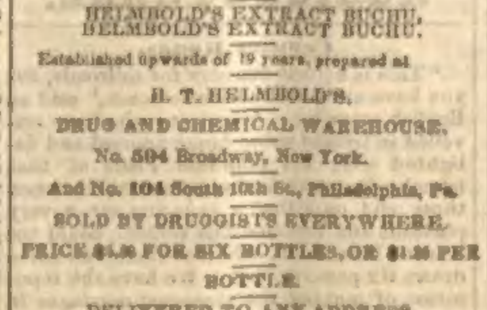

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OPIUM EATERS.—If you wish to be cured of the habit, address T. E. CLARKE, M. D., Mt. Vernon, Ohio. feb19-4t

WIT AND HUMOR.

Novel Cure for Rheumatism.

I talked much with the drivers of cabs and cars in Ireland, and found them very bright and communicative. I remember a funny story that a driver told me about a rich lady who owned a grand estate near Cork, and who had chronic rheumatism, that no doctors, foreign chemists, or mineral springs could cure. In despair the poor old soul came home to die, and used to be trundled about her lawn and meadow in a hand-chair, by her man-servant, till one day, whilst meditating on her gradual descent to the tomb, in her chair in the meadow, her man-servant, with staring eyes of horror, exclaimed:—"O, mistress! the great bull has broken loose, and is making directly towards us!" and he immediately proved his personal discretion more than his valor by taking to his heels, with the full conviction, probably, that his healthy legs were of more value than his lady's damaged timbers. But what could she do but die? Not so. She saw that she could at the worst only die under the beast's horns, and she might as well try to die game. So up she started and away she ran, and was over the fence nearly as soon as her unheroic man-in-waiting. She left the bull and the rheumatism in the meadow behind. I do not vouch for this story, but I did laugh right smartly over it at the time; and the fun, I find, is not wholly gone out of it yet, my diaphragm assures me while I write.—*Rev. Mr. Osgood in Evening Post.*

How to Act in Event of Burglary.

1. Lie very still, and draw the bed-clothes over your head.
2. Sit up and listen.
3. Pinch your wife, and tell her she ought to be ashamed of herself.
4. Tell her to go down-stairs and see what's the matter.
5. Call out for the servants to order the robbers off the premises.
6. If the burglars still persist in their nefarious occupation, go on the landing, and ask them if they know what they're about.
7. If they don't desist now, make your wife tell them that in your opinion they are wicked men, and that you have a great mind to be very angry.
8. Say you are very dangerous when you are once roused.
9. Beg them to leave quietly, and so obviate the necessity of a disturbance in the house.
10. Ask them if they wouldn't like some cold meat and pickles, and a glass of beer and a pipe.
11. Let them have what they like, do what they like, and give them a dollar each besides. When they've gone, bring out your pistols and send for a policeman.
12. Go to bed again, and say that the only reason why you didn't go down-stairs at first, punch all their heads, shoot them, and take them prisoners, was that you didn't want to disturb the neighbors.

Apt Question.

A friend of ours was coming to New York from Albany, and just opposite him in the car sat a lady and her child, the latter a beautiful little girl with wonderfully bright eyes and a sweet, winsome face—the very picture, in miniature, of her mother. She attracted much attention, and won many smiles and tender glances, as she moved about the seat. An elderly gentleman walking through the car, looked into the witching thing's eyes, and was fascinated at once. Stopping, he lovingly patted her cheek, and asked:—

"Won't you give me a kiss, pretty one? I like to kiss little girls."

She looked at him very archly for an instant, and then propounded the rather embarrassing question:—

"Wouldn't you rather kiss mamma?"—*Rural New Yorker.*

An Honest Living.

A young Boston man, who purposed starting in business in New York city, made a preliminary visit there armed with letters of introduction to business men. These presented and the usual compliments passed, the New York merchant inquired of young Boston what he intended to do. "I have not exactly decided," replied the young Puritan, "but I expect to settle into some good business in which I can get a living honestly."

"A living honestly?"

"An honest living," repeated the Bostonian.

"Young man," said the New Yorker, "I congratulate you; there is not a city in the United States in which you will meet with so little competition in your method of doing business."—*Com. Bulletin.*

How to Do It.—A short time ago a whale was stranded on the coast, and purchased as a speculation by a sharp practitioner who advertised for information how to preserve it. A wag replied to the advertisement, tendering the desired information on receipt of half a dollar's worth of postage stamps, which arrived, and the following receipt was duly forwarded:—"Put the whale carefully into a glass bottle; cover it over with spirit of wine (strong whiskey may do;) then cork and seal up." The postage stamps were handed over to a charitable institution.

A Little Monkey.—"Dan," said a little four-year-old, "give me sixpence to buy a monkey."

"We've got one monkey in the house now," replied the elder brother.

"Who is it, Dan?" asked the little fellow.

"You," was the reply.

"Then give me sixpence to buy the monkey some nuts."

His brother could not resist.

Assessor.—"How is it Miss, that you gave your age to the Register as only twenty-five? I was born the same year with yourself, and, being thirty-nine, it must be—"

Young Lady.—"Ah! but you see, Mr. Assessor, you have lived much faster than I."

☞ Goldsmith, repining at the success of Beattie's "Essay on truth," said, "Here's such a stir about a fellow that has written one book, and I have written many." "Ah, doctor," replied Johnson, "there go one and twenty shillings, you know, to one guinea."

☞ Were not conquered armies pelted with rotten eggs when they entered Rome? and was not this called "passing under the yolk?"

"THE WORD OF PROMISE TO THE EAR!"

Railway Porter—Brandywine Station, Brandywine—any one for Brandywine?

Thirsty Passenger—(Waking up)—"Brandy and wine"—what a tipple that must be. Here, porter, bring me a glass.

A TWILIGHT SCENE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The twilight deepened round us. Still and black
The great woods climbed the mountain at our back,
And on their skirts, where yet the lingering day
On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,
The brown old farm house like a bird's nest hung;
With home-like sounds the desert air was stirred,
The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,
The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,
The pasture bars that clattered as they fell.
Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed; the gate
Of the barnyard creaked beneath the merry weight
Of sun-brown children, listening while they swung,
The welcome sound of supper-call to hear;
And down the shadowy lane, in tinkling clear,
The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.

The Mistletoe.

Our young readers will be interested in this item about the mistletoe which we take from a recent number of Nature:—When the leaves are rotting on the ground, and the fruit has been converted into cider, the orchards of Herefordshire and Worcestershire still retain something of their verdant hue, and are green with what seems at first to be untimely foliage. But mistletoe cannot be unseasonable at Christmas, and there are those who would be glad to have it in season "all the year round." The supply from the West Midland counties is practically inexhaustible, for it has been calculated that from 30 to 90 per cent. of the apple-trees are infested by this parasite, two or three boughs of which may sometimes be seen dependent from some old cankered limb. Its presence is at once the cause and the sign of incipient decay.

The apple-tree is the surest stock, for, though it is found elsewhere, yet there is a certain constancy in the apparent caprice shown by the mistletoe in the selection of its victims. It occurs frequently on the poplar, hawthorn, willow, and lime; never on the beech, holly, cherry and walnut rarely on the chestnut and pear, and only in some few known instances upon the oak. Probably the rarity of its occurrence on the oak contributed to the reverence with which, under those circumstances, it was regarded by our British ancestors.

In hall and cottage alike the mistletoe reigns supreme at this season, and in London and other great towns the artizan spends a small portion of his Christmas wages in the purchase of a few sprigs wherewith to decorate his house and bring good luck to its inmates. From Herefordshire and Worcestershire between 200 and 300 tons of mistletoe are annually exported, and during the present week nearly every train from the West Midland district bears with it a truck-load of branches, fraught with we know not what romance, and bright with berries wherein is contained the destiny of the coming year.

John Wesley and his Wife.

George Dawson, in a late lecture delivered in London on the great founder of Methodism, gave the following details:—When Wesley settled he said, "It would be more useful to marry." There is nothing like giving that sort of pretty facing to your wishes. I have known a friend, when he was going to move from a little living to a large one, say that it was because he was going to "a larger sphere of usefulness." A certain witty man used to say that whenever a clergyman went from a little living to a large one, he did so because he had got a call, but that he would want a "good loud hollos to take him from a large to a little living." Wesley married a widow, who, through her jealousy, led him a life of wretchedness and misery. At last his spirit was up, and he wrote her:

"Know me and know yourself. Suspect me no more; do not any longer contend for mastery, for power, money, or praise; be content to be a private, insignificant person, known and loved by God and me."

It was not likely that a woman would be pleased at being recommended to be an insignificant person. After twenty years of disquietude she one day left him. He bore it philosophically. He went even beyond it; he took his diary, and put the most pithy entry into it I ever met with in a diary; *Non eam reliqui; non demisi, non revocabo*, which may be translated thus: "I did not leave her; I did not send her away; I shan't send for her back." And so ended the married life of John Wesley.

☞ To persons in difficulties—Get out!

Swedish Day and Night.

The peculiarities of day and night in Sweden strike the traveller very forcibly, after being accustomed to the temperate zones. In June the sun goes down in Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes round the earth toward the north pole, and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight without any artificial light. There is a mountain at the head of Bothia where on the 21st of June the sun does not appear to go down at all. The steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of conveying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only one night. The sun reaches the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes more it begins to rise. At the North Cape, latitude seventy-two degrees, the sun does not go down for several weeks. In June it would be about twenty-five degrees above the horizon at midnight. In the winter the sun disappears and is not seen for weeks; then it comes and remains for ten or fifteen minutes, after which it descends, and finally is not set at all, but makes almost a circle round the heavens. The Swedes are very industrious, and labor is reckoned by the hour, twelve hours being reckoned a day's work. Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hour, whether the sun goes down or not.

THE BUGLER.

I dream of one who lies
Beneath Kentucky skies,
Until with tears my eyes are overflowing,
And I seem to hear a sound
From a bloody battle ground,
Where lies a little mound with grass o'ergrowing.

Again I hear the crash
Of cannon, and the dash
Of cavalry that flash across the valley;
But wilder sound than all,
Beneath the smoky pall,
Shrills out the bugle call of "troopers, rally!"

Adown the rocky hill
They gallop with a will,
The bugle blowing shrill a cheery measure;
Their chargers all a-row,
Flags flaunting to and fro,
Right on to death they go, as if for pleasure.

Sharp rings the whistling steel,
While cannon thunders peal—
A shout goes up, "They reel in yonder hollow!"
And lo! with cheer on cheer,
They drive them far and near,
The flying winged with fear of those who follow.

Why does the bugle blow
No loud recall? No *mot*
Of triumph that the foe dismayed are flying?
Alas! our bugler lay
Where raged the hottest fray,
Upon that evil day, 'mid dead and dying!

We laid him down to rest,
Brave heart! where earth had drest
A tree-plumed hillock's crest with floral beauty,
Ah! never truer soul
Than his sped to the goal
Whose legend marked our roll, "Slain at his duty!"

☞ Daniel Webster informed a wonder-awed "circle" in New York, the other evening, through a "medium," that his chief regret in dying was, that he had not the opportunity to revise his Dictionary. A well-informed "medium" that!

☞ Is it true that the Roman Senate had a Council Chamber built on purpose for 'em, and that this was why it was called the Forum?

AGRICULTURAL.

Country Roads.

"This is a great country for railroads, but you have execrable common roads," said an English traveller. Americans who have travelled in Ireland come home amazed and delighted with the common roads of that island. So great is the difference between those and ours that a jaunting car, a very pleasant and commodious vehicle, could not be used here at all, whereas there one horse draws six persons in it. We have the reputation of making the strongest carriages in the world, and doubtless we deserve it, for a road wagon must be well made here, or it would not last a season through.

Yet it has been demonstrated that good roads cost less than poor ones; the first cost is greater, but the repairs are far more cheaply done, and fewer horses are required for service.

In France, according to an article in Van Nostrand's Engineering Magazine, there were in 1835 forty-five thousand miles of highway, on which merchandise was transported at the yearly cost of ninety millions of dollars. But competent French engineers estimated at that time that at least one-third of this amount, or thirty millions of dollars, could be saved by keeping the roads in the best possible condition. A practical test is cited, in the case of the post road between Tours and Caen—a length of about one hundred and fifty miles, which in 1836 was announced in an official report as being in so bad a state that without a special credit of ten thousand dollars, and a great additional provision of materials, there was danger that it would become impassable. In January, 1837, its reconstruction was commenced. In August, 1838, it was reported to be in a very good and constantly improving state. In 1834, the mail had always required five horses, and in one year eleven were lost by overwork. In 1838 the number of horses were reduced to three. In 1841 only two were required of middling quality, and none were lost from overwork. In 1839 a lighter class of conveyances than that formerly employed was introduced, carrying nine passengers, drawn by one horse at between seven and eight miles an hour. The expenses of maintenance in 1837, were for materials, $2,000; labor, $2,500; total, $5,400. In 1841 they were for materials, $810; for labor, $2,200; total, $3,010. It will thus be seen that while the expense for labor remained nearly the same, the cost of materials diminished more than two-thirds.

Petroleum as a Paint.

A writer in the American Agriculturist says regarding petorleum:

It can be used to great advantage on a farm as a preserver of wood. It is not properly a paint. No coloring matter should ever be mixed with it. Ordinary linseed-oil paint preserves wood by forming a coat that excludes the atmosphere from the pores. Petroleum penetrates the wood and excludes the air by filling up the pores.

Old barns from which the paint is worn off will be much improved by a liberal coat of petroleum. It can be put on with a whitewash brush. The point is to get on as much as the wood will absorb. It is better to go over the work rapidly, and then the next day go over it again. For shingle roofs, new or old, nothing is better than petroleum. In making a new roof we would dip the shingles by the bunch in petroleum, until they were saturated, before putting them on. This would save the expense of applying it on the roof with a brush.

The sills and timbers of barns and other buildings, in the parts most liable to decay, should be treated with petroleum. A good way to do this is to bore a hole with an auger into the stick of timber, and fill it with the oil, and as it is absorbed, add more. The hole should afterwards be plugged up. The ends of all the timber should also be washed over repeatedly with petroleum before being put into the building. In this way, soft maple, black ash, and bass wood may be made durable timber, and as useful as oak when strength is not required.

We repeat that petroleum is not a paint. It preserves wood by filling the pores. It is worse than useless to mix anything with it. If it is desirable to paint, let ordinary paint be used. But if nothing more is desired than the preservation of the wood, use petroleum—and mix nothing with it.

Poultry.

Feed your poultry on raw onions chopped fine, mixed with other food, about twice a week. It is better than a dozen cures for chicken cholera. Fowls exposed to dampness are apt to be troubled with catarrh, which will run to croup if not attended to. Red pepper mixed with soft feed, fed several times a week, will remove the cold. Pulverized charcoal, given occasionally, is a preventive of putrid affections, to which fowls are very subject. Sitting hens can be cured by putting water in a vessel to the depth of one inch, putting the hen into it, and covering the top of the vessel for twenty-four hours. The vessel should be deep enough to allow the hen to stand. Pulverized chalk administered with softer feed will cure diarrhœa. This disorder is caused by want of variety in food, or by too much green food. Garlic fed once or twice a week is excellent for colds.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

Mast and Pork.

In a recent number of the Prairie Farmer was an article on the mast supplied by forest trees and its value in fattening hogs. A good yield of nuts is a great aid to the farmer with a large drove of hogs, especially in seasons when the corn crop is short. Hogs are great on nut-cracking, and many is the time we have stolen upon a drove of them in the woods busily engaged in cracking and eating nuts, both hickory and beech. Fifty or a hundred of these animals thus engaged, make the woods vocal in nut time, if not disturbed, but come upon them suddenly, and the patriarch of the herd will bristle up, give a sonorous whee-whish, and then dart away like a "blue streak," followed by the entire multitude. Nuts are very good to start hogs upon, but alone, make pork of too oily a character for agreeable eating. Finished off with corn, the meat does very well—is better than none when "shuck" alone is relied upon to make it.

RECEIPTS.

Oyster Patties.—Make a rich paste, roll it out half an inch thick, then turn a teacup down on the paste and with the point of a sharp penknife mark the paste lightly round the edge of the cup, then remove the cup and cut entirely through; then with the point of the knife make a circle about half an inch from the edge, cut this circle half way through, place them on tins and bake in a quick oven; when done, remove the centre and fill with oysters prepared as follows:—Rinse the oysters, put them in a pan over the fire, and when they become hot stir in the cream, butter and cracker; season to your taste with salt and pepper. When they are scalding hot they are sufficiently cooked.

To Cleanse Blankets.—Put two large tablespoonfuls of borax and a pint bowl of soft soap into a tub of cold water. When dissolved put in pair of blankets and let them remain over night. Next day rub them out, and rinse thoroughly in two waters and hang them up to dry. Do not wring them.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 100 letters.
My 14, 69, 53, 86, 94, 18, 41, 95, 65, 48, 17, is a name given to one of England's Kings.
My 80, 44, 32, 37, 65, 38, 49, 65, 76, 54, is a species of theft.
My 75, 64, 71, 45, 5, 61, 73, 70, 25, 36, 65, 14, 59, 77, 61, 51, 55, 87, 14, 65, 66, is something which has not taken place since the 16th century, but will in ours.
My 10, 28, 42, 93, 73, 65, 17, 29, 51, is an island.
My 21, 69, 52, 67, 23, is a character in Shakspeare.
My 87, 99, 28, 09, 4, 16, 51, 17, is a name known to all the world.
My 61, 2, 59, 33, 39, 93, 89, 81, 78, 14, 23, 85, 96, 97, 3, is a name famous in French history.
My 80, 79, 36, 34, 99, 60, 91, 13, 61, 90, is a part of the Bible.
My 11, 32, 85, 12, 35, 50, is one of the constellations.
My 56, 14, 8, 26, 87, 80, 61, 11, 99, 18, 45, is a city in New York.
My 61, 33, 40, 68, 84, 100, is the name of a battle in 1347.
My 65, 74, 44, 9, 22, 47, 1, 65, 37, 29, 75, is an island.
My 24, 65, 77, 4, 28, 58, is a kind of tree.
My 62, 13, 70, 19, is a well known historian.
My 3, 10, 88, 75, 16, 85, 18, 32, 46, we shall never see again,
My 31, 59, 12, 43, is a musical instrument.
My 15, 69, 85, 45, 17, is a book of faith.
My 92, 95, 87, 42, 23, 63, is in every house.
My 98 commences a day of the week, a season of the year, and a state.
My whole is a quotation from Shakspeare.

BEATRICE.

Riddle.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 1, 3, are alike.
My 2, 4, are alike.
My 5, 7, are alike.
My 6, 8, are alike.
My whole is a lake. PHILIP.

Problem.

A silver coin is thrown at random into the air. What is the chance it strikes the floor on its edge? ELI FLINT.

☞ An answer is requested.

"Mean Distance" Problem.

Find (1) the mean distance of all the points in the surface of a circle from its centre, and (2) the mean distance of all the points within a sphere from its centre.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why can not a deaf man be legally condemned for murder? Ans.—Because the law says no man shall be condemned without a hearing.

☞ What is trout like when it is lying on a gravel path? Ans.—Like a fish out of water.

☞ Why is the inside of every thing unintelligible? Ans.—Because we can't make it out.

☞ What portions of the body are the best travellers? Ans.—The *two-wrists.*

☞ What is the first thing a lady does when she falls into the water? Ans.—She gets wet.

Answers to Last.

GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA—Notwithstanding. CHARADE—Behemoth.

Answer to Felix's PROBLEM of Dec. 11th—1-30 of the whole stock.—Felix, Joseph S. Phebus, William Smith.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM of Jan. 15th—The father aged 50 years; Adaline, 16 years 8 months; Belinda, 12 years 6 months; Clarissa, 10 years; Dorah, 8 years 4 months; Eva, 2 years 6 months.—D. Diefenbach, Gussie Stone, D. A. McCollum, F. M. E., Adelbert Brown, O. J. Hart, Geo. W. S. Hart.

Answer to J. Scott's PROBLEM of Dec. 18th—The numbers are 13, 21, and 136.—J. Scott, J. N. Sodera.

Answer to my PROBABILITY PROBLEM published October 23rd:—The probability that the coin will go through the grating without striking is 0.0434.

I suspect that, through mistake, I sent an erroneous answer with the Problem. Please publish the above answer.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Cheap Soup.—Put four ounces of Scotch barley, well washed, into five quarts of water, with four ounces of sliced onions; boil gently one hour, and pour it into a pan. Then put into a saucepan from one to two ounces of fresh beef or mutton-dripping, or melted suet, or fat bacon cut fine. When melted in the saucepan, stir into it four ounces of oat-meal, and rub them together till they become a soft paste. Then add, a little at a time, the barley broth, stirring it well together till it boils. For seasoning, put in a basin a little celery or cress seed, a little black pepper and allspice ground, and a very little cayenne pepper; mix them smooth with a little of the soup, and stir it into the rest. Simmer gently for a quarter of an hour, season with salt, and it is ready. The flavor may be varied by any variety of herbs, or a larger portion of onions, or carrots and turnips, or green celery; and rice, or wheat flour, instead of oat-meal and barley.

Boiled Pudding.—Stir Indian meal and warm milk together, making the mixture pretty stiff, add while stirring, two or three tablespoonfuls of molasses, a teaspoonful of ginger or other spice, and a little salt. Boil it in a tight covered pan. A tin dish, made for the purpose, is very convenient. A very thick cloth will answer. Leave plenty of room for the meal to swell. Thin slices of apple stirred into the mixture before baking are much relished by some.

Cream Pudding.—Six tablespoonfuls of flour, one quart milk, three eggs, one teacupful sugar, salt; take a little of the milk and stir with the flour, to make a batter, and boil the remainder. When the milk boils, add the batter, and when sufficiently cooked, take it off and stir in the eggs, beaten. Sift a part of the sugar in the pudding dish, then pour in the pudding, and put the rest of the sugar on top. Flavor to taste, and cover tightly until cold.